The Saturday Evening Post.

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OLDEN TIMES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Away in that summer olden,
The wheat-fields all golden
Glimmered, shimmered in the setting sun;
The rose and morning glory,
Climbing to the upper story
Of the old house, met and mingled into one.

Oh, nothing could be fairer
I'm sure, though sights were rarer,
Than to watch, until the day grew wan and gray,
The aged oak tree shadows
'Lengthen o'er the fragrant meadows,
Where the daisies kissed the violets in May.

I hear the bees low humming,
And the merry beetle thrumming
'Mong the blossoms of an orchard to the right.
Down a hill a brooklet dashes
'Neath a rustic bridge, and flashes
Out its ripples in the sunlight warm and bright.

O'er these scenes our hearts will linger,
Till Time's relentless finger
Erases choicest links in Memory's chain.
Praying so wildly ever,
For what is ours, ah,—never!
The perfect life, without the spot or stain.

Mount Vernon, Ohio. M. L. G.

THE ADVENTURERS.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER V.

THE ADVENTURERS.

The daring revolt of the Cure Hidalgo opened against the Spanish government that era of sanguinary struggles and obstinate contests which, thirteen years later, on February 24, 1821, was fated to end in the proclamation of Independence by Iturbide at Iguala. This proclamation compelled the viceroy, Apodaca, to abdicate, and the Spaniards finally to abandon those magnificent countries which they had ruled with a hand of iron for more than three centuries. But during these thirteen years what blood had been shed, what crimes committed! All Mexico was covered with ruins. The unburied corpses became the prey of wild beasts; towns taken by storm burned like lighthouses, and the flames were extinguished in the blood of their massacred inhabitants.

The Mexicans, badly armed and disciplined, learning through their very defeats the art of beating their conquerors, struggled with the energy of despair; incessantly defeated by the old Spanish bands, but never discouraged, deriving strength from their weakness and their firm desire to be free, they ever stood upright before their implacable foes, who might kill them, but were powerless to subjugate them.

In no country of the New World did the Spaniards offer so long and desperate a resistance to revolution as in Mexico, for Spain was aware that once this inexhaustible source of wealth was lost, her influence and prestige in the Old World would be utterly destroyed. Hence it happened that the Spaniards quitted Mexico as they entered it, on ruins and piles of corpses. And their power, inaugurated by Hernando Cortez by the light of arson, and amid the cries of the victims, slipped in the blood of millions of murdered Indians, and was stifled by their bodies. It was a hideous government, the offspring of violence and treachery, and, after three centuries, violence and treachery overthrew it. It was a grand and sublime lesson which Providence gave the despots through the inflexible logic of history, and yet despots have ever refused to understand it.

We shall resume our narrative on September 20, 1820, between five and six in the afternoon, at a period when the struggle having been at length equalized between the two parties, was growing more lively and decisive. The scene is still laid in the same part of the viceroyalty of New Spain in which the prologue was enacted, that is to say, the Province of Cohahuila; owing to its remoteness from the centre, and its situation on the Indian border, this province had suffered less than the others, though the traces of war could be seen at each step.

The rich and numerous haciendas which formerly studded the landscape were nearly all devastated, the fields were uncultivated and deserted, and the country offered an aspect of gloomy desolation painful to contemplate.

The revolution, violently compressed by the Spaniards, was smouldering beneath the ashes; a hollow fermentation was visible on the surface, and the Indian guerillas who had not ceased their partisan warfare, were beginning to combine and organize, in order to deal the Castilian colossus a decisive blow. The insurrection of the Spanish liberals, by creating fresh embarrassments for the mother country, restored Mexico, not its courage, for that had never faltered during the long struggle, but the hope of success; on both sides preparations were being made in the dark, and the explosion could not long be delayed.

Five or six well-mounted and armed horsemen were following a narrow track marked on the side of a hill in that wild and mountainous country which separates the Fort of *Agua Verde, of which the Spaniards were* still masters, from the little town of Neuva Bilbon. Of these six travellers, five appeared to be peons, or servants, while the sixth was a man of some forty years of age, of lofty stature and haughty demeanor, who kept, as far as the road allowed, by the side of his servants, and talked to them in a low voice, while looking at times at the gloomy scenery that surrounded him, and which the encroaching gloom rendered even more ominous.

All these men advanced rifle on hip, and ready to fire at the slightest suspicious movement in the chapparel, which they attentively investigated. This distrust was justified by the state in which this wild country found itself, for the revolutionary opinions had made more progress here than anywhere else.

The travellers had reached the highest point of the track they were following, and were preparing to descend into the plain, but they involuntarily stopped for a moment to admire the magnificent landscape and grand panorama which were suddenly unrolled before their sight. From the lofty spot which the travellers had reached, they embraced a considerable extent of the loveliest country in the world, rendered even more picturesque by the numerous diversities of the ground; an uninterrupted series of small hills rising one above the other, and covered with luxuriant verdure, were blended in the distant azure of the horizon, with the lofty mountains of which they formed the spurs, and supplied a splendid frame for the magnificent picture. An extensive lake, studded with small plots resembling bouquets, occupied nearly the entire centre of the plain to which the travellers were preparing to descend.

A deep calm brooded over the landscape, which the first gleams of dusk were beginning to tinge with varying hues. Nothing enlivened this deserted country, and the travellers were on the point of starting again, when one of the servants turned to his master, and pointed in the direction of a track that ran along the bank of the lake.

"Stay, mi amo," he said, "I know not if I am mistaken, but I fancy I can see down there, near that cactus clump, something resembling human forms. Unluckily, the gloom gathering in the valley prevents me being certain."

The master looked attentively for some minutes in the indicated direction, and then shook his head several times, as if annoyed.

"You are right, Visacchu," he said; "they are men, and I can distinguish their horses tied up a few yards from them; who can they be?"

"Travellers, like ourselves," remarked the peon, whom his master had called Visacchu.

"Hum!" the horseman said dubiously. "people do not travel in such times as these, unless they have very important motives. Those two persons, for there are two, as I can distinguish them perfectly now, are more probably spies sent to meet us, and find out the reason of our presence in these parts."

"With all the respect I owe you, mi amo," Visacchu, who seemed to be on rather familiar terms with his master, objected, "that does not seem very likely; if these strangers were spies, they would not expose themselves so, but, on the contrary, would be careful to keep out of sight. And then, again, they would not be ahead of us, but behind us."

"You are right, Visacchu; I did not reflect on all that; but we are compelled to display such prudence, that I yielded involuntarily to my first impulse."

"And it is often the right one," the peon observed, with a smile; "but this time I believe the proverb is false, and that these persons are simply travellers, whom business of some nature has brought across our path. However, it is an easy matter to make sure; there are only two of them, while we are six, well armed and resolute men. Let us push on boldly towards them, because it is probable that they have already perceived us, and our hesitation, which has no apparent cause, may seem to them suspicious."

"Yes, we have stopped here too long; as it is, so let us continue our journey. Well, if they are enemies, they will have their work cut out, that's all. Hang such foolish terror! we can face a larger party than the one at present in front of us."

"Excellent, Don Aurelio, that is what I call talking," the peon said gayly; "so let us start without further delay."

Don Aurelio bent down to his servant, after looking round him anxiously—

"Be prudent?" he said, in a low voice.

"That is true," the peon replied, with a slight smile. "I let myself be carried away involuntarily; but do not be alarmed, I will be more careful in future."

Then, at a signal from the leader, the little party began descending the hill, though not till the peons had assured themselves that their muskets were in good state, and ready to do service if it came to a fight. The path followed by the Mexicans, like all those found on the side of a hill or mountain, formed a countless succession of turns, so that, although from the height, where they halted for a moment, it was easy for them to notice the strangers almost beneath them, owing to the constant turnings they were obliged to take they required a lengthened period to reach them, the more because the constantly increasing gloom compelled them to redouble their precautions in order to prevent their horses stumbling over pebbles, and rolling into the quebradas past which the track ran.

In the desert man, being obliged to keep constantly on guard against the invisible enemies who incessantly watch him, grows accustomed not only to watch the bushes, grass, and rocks that surround him, but also to examine the air, water, and sky, as if he expected a foe to rise before him at any moment. The result is, that the physical qualities of the individual who is habituated to the normal life of the savannahs, acquire such perfection, that, by a species of a prophetic intuition, the woodrangers, who are so praised, and of whom so little is generally known, foresee the dangers that threaten them even before those dangers have become realized.

The strangers, perceived from the top of the hill by the Mexicans, had guessed the presence of the latter before they appeared, and their eyes had been eagerly fixed on the crest of the hill some moments before the new comers crowned it. These two men had set up their night bivouac near a clump of cactuses, and they quietly continued to prepare their supper, apparently troubling themselves very little about the approaching travellers. Still, any one able to examine them closely would have perceived that they had made all preparations for an obstinate defence, in the event of an attack. Hence their rifles lay ready cocked within arm's length, and their horses were still saddled and bridled, so that they could be mounted immediately, should it prove necessary.

As for these two men—whose portraits we shall draw, as they play a very important part in our story—although they were in no way related, they bore an extraordinary likeness to each other, not so much in features, but in general appearance, that is to say, both were tall, thin, and powerfully built; they were light haired and had blue eyes—in a word, they displayed all the characteristic traits of the northern race,—we mean the true Norman, and not the Anglo-Saxon.

In truth, these men were Canadians. At the period of which we are writing, the United States of America had not attained that degree of united strength and daring confidence they eventually reached. The King of Spain reigned as lord and master of the colonies as much as of the Peninsula. No Anglo-American had up to this time, dared to leap across the frontier and hunt in New Spain. The laws were strict and rigorously carried out; any foreigner surprised inside the frontier was regarded as a spy, and treated as such, that is to say, mercilessly shot. Several examples having been made, the Americans took the hint, and did not attempt to force their way in.

But times had changed; the Mexican insurrection, by rendering the inhabitants interested accomplices in infractions of the Spanish laws, favored this immigration, the more so because the Mexicans, who had been kept by the Spaniards in utter ignorance of the use of fire-arms and of military discipline, wanted to obtain men capable of leading and teaching them how to conquer their oppressors. Hence the North Americans, who had hitherto been held in check by the severity of the Castilian laws, began to inundate the territory of New Spain from all sides.

The two men to whom we refer at this moment were hardy comrades, real woodrangers, who, reaching the Mexican border while hunting buffalo and deer, crossed it in the hope of picking up an honest fortune in a short time by fishing in the troubled waters of revolution. We must do them the justice of saying that, in their hearts, they cared but little for either of the parties quarrelling in Mexico, and were probably ready to sell their assistance to the one which offered the highest price and the most tangible hopes of a speedy fortune. Still they were good fellows, bold and experienced, caring as little for their life as for a leaf that fell from a tree, and resolved to risk it on a throw of the dice, if it offered them the hope of advantageous gain.

The first of these two men was called Oliver Clary.

The Red Skins among whom he had resided for a long time had christened him the Sumach, in consequence of his extraordinary strength and boldness; while his comrade had forgotten the name he originally bore, and only answered to that of Moonshine. These strange and significant names will save us the trouble of dwelling on the character of their bearers, the more so as the reader will be able to appreciate it in the course of the story.

Carelessly reclining on the grass by the side of the fire lit to cook their supper, they watched with one eye the leg of venison which, with some batatas, was to constitute their meal, and with the other attentively followed the march of the Mexicans. The latter, so soon as they left the track and entered the plain, affected a certain military air, which did not fail to appear formidable to the Canadians, the more so as the new comers were well armed, and moreover seemed resolute and difficult to intimidate. The hunters waited till they came nearly within pistol shot, then rose cautiously, and placed themselves with shouldered rifles in the middle of the road.

Don Aurelio ordered his men to halt, while recommending them in a low voice to keep on their guard for fear of treachery, and ready to come to his assistance. Then, giving his horse a slight touch of the spur, he proceeded a few yards nearer the hunters, who still remained motionless in the middle of the road. Stopping his horse with one hand, with the other he raised his hat, while crying in a clear and well modulated voice,

"Who goes there?"

"Men of peace," Moonshine answered in excellent Spanish, though it was easy to recognize the foreigner from his accent.

"Which side do you belong to?" Don Aurelio continued.

Moonshine looked cunningly at his comrade.

"It is easy to to ask, caballero," he said, "on which side we are. Tell us first which side you are; we are only two against six, and the stronger party ought to give the first explanation."

"Very good," Don Aurelio replied, "we are for God and independence; and you?"

The two Canadians exchanged a second look as ironical as the first.

"By Jove, senor," Moonshine said presently, as he rested the butt of his rifle on the ground, and crossed his hands confidently over the muzzle, "you ask us a question which we find it rather difficult to answer. My comrade and I are strangers, as you may easily recognize by our accent, and hence have no settled opinion upon the subject which divides your country. On the other hand, you can perceive from our garb that we are woodrangers, that is to say, men with whom liberty is a worship, almost an adoration; so that if we must have an opinion, we should rather be on the side of independence than of royalty."

"And why do you not decide for one or the other?" said the horseman, who had drawn nearer, though the Canadian did not appear alarmed by the fact.

"For the reason I had the honor of giving you a moment ago," Moonshine continued; "we are foreigners, that is to say, entirely disinterested in the question; and in case we decided to join either side, it would be the one which offered us the greatest advantages."

"Excellently argued, and like true Yankees," Don Aurelio remarked with a laugh.

"Pardon me, senor," Moonshine objected seriously, "do not make any mistake; my friend and I are not Yankees, but Canadians, which, I must beg you to believe, is by no means the same thing."

"Forgive me, senor," Don Aurelio said civilly, "I did not at all intend to insult you."

The hunter bowed, and the Mexican continued—

"My name is Don Aurelio Gutierrez; it is late, and the spot where we now are is by no means suited for a serious conversation; if you will consent to accompany me to a hacienda about three leagues from here, I will guarantee to modify your opinions, and bring you over to my way of thinking."

"I do not say no, Senor Gutierrez; but I will propose something better. I suppose you are not in such a hurry that you could not delay your arrival at the hacienda to which you allude for a few hours?"

Don Aurelio exchanged a look with Visacchu, who, during this conversation, had drawn nearer, and was now standing by his side.

"No," he at last answered; "so long as I reach the place I am going to by to-morrow morning, that will do."

"Well," the hunter continued, courteously, "as you remarked yourself, the night is dark; accept the hospitality we offer you, and bivouac with us; the supper is ready and we will eat together; a night in the open air need have no terrors for you; we will sleep side by side, and to-morrow when the sun appears on the horizon, my comrade and I will accompany you wherever you please. What do you say to that?"

Don Aurelio exchanged a second look with Visacchu, who gave him a sign of assent by nodding his head several times.

"On my honor," he replied with a laugh, as he held out his hand to the hunter, "your proposition is too hearty for me to decline it. Done with you then, on one condition, however, that my people add a few provisions they carry with them to our meal."

"You can add what you please; we will pass the night as good comrades; to-morrow it will be day, and we will see what is to be done. Of course it is understood that if your proposals do not suit us, we are at liberty to decline them."

"Oh, of course."

Don Aurelio ordered his men to come up, himself dismounted, and five minutes later, all our party, merrily seated round the fire, were doing justice to the hunters' meal, which was considerably augmented through the provisions brought by Don Aurelio, and rendered almost sumptuous by a goat skin filled with excellent *refino de Catalana*, a sort of very strong spirit, which put the guests in a thorough good humor.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

American forests, when night sets in, assume a character of grandeur and majesty, of which the European forests cannot supply an idea. The aged trees, which grow more than one hundred feet in height, and whose tufted crests form splendid arches of foliage, the lianas which spread in every direction with the strangest parabolas, the moss, called Spaniard's beard, which hangs in long festoons from all the branches, impart to these vast solitudes an aspect at once grand and mysterious, which leads the mind to reverie and fills it with religious and melancholy thoughts.

When the sun has disappeared and made way for darkness, when the night breeze

murmurs in the foliage, and the hollow sound of some unknown rivulet coursing over the gravel, is blended with the myriad indistinct noises of the insects hidden in the crevices of the trees and rocks; when the wild beasts, awaking at nightfall, leave their secret dens to proceed to their watering places, uttering at intervals hoarse yells—the forests in the pale moonbeams, which filter timidly through the branches, really become to the man who ventures into them the grand laboratory in which nature likes to assay in gloom and mystery the most powerful and strangest of her productions.

There are accumulated, beneath the detritus piled up by centuries, the shapeless and yet imposing ruins of generations which have disappeared and left no sign; remnants of walls, pyramids, and obelisks rise at times before the startled eyes of the Indian or the hunter, as if to reveal to them that in times perhaps contemporary with the deluge, a powerful nation, now utterly effaced from the world, existed at this spot. Those who obstinately call America the New World, and deny the existence of the ruins with which this fertile soil is broadcast, have traversed this country like blind men, and have neither visited the splendid ruins of the Palenques, nor those which may be found at every step in the desert, by means of which some travellers have succeeded in settling the route followed by the migrations of the peoples that succeeded each other. The province of Cohahuila in Mexico possesses several of these remains of great antiquity, which recall by their shape, and the way in which they are constructed, the *dolmens* and *menhirs* of old Armorica.

The travellers had established their camp in a vast clearing, in the centre of which was a gigantic monolith obelisk, so singularly placed on a block of stone that the slightest touch sufficed to give it a marked oscillating movement. This spot had a singular name, whose origin no one could have accounted for; the people of the country called it *Contell*, that is to say the home of the snake. This name, by the way, is found very frequently in Mexico, whose aborigines had a great respect for the snake, in consequence of their first legislator Quetzalcoatl, that is to say, the "serpent covered with feathers."

The clearing, which Indians and peons avoided with a respect mingled with terror, was said to be haunted. An ancient tradition, greatly in favor with the people, declared that at certain periods of the year, at the new moon, and when any great event was about to be accomplished, the stone, raised at its base by some mysterious power, afforded passage to a monstrous snake, which, after sitting up there on its tail with an angry hiss, suddenly assumed the appearance and form of a female, dressed in a white winding-sheet, who walked round the clearing till daylight, uttering shrieks and writhing her arms with all the marks of the most profound despair; then, as the moon became more deep on the horizon, the apparition gradually became less distinct, and entirely disappeared at daybreak. The stone then resumed its place, and all returned to its natural state. At times, but very rarely, the apparition spoke; but woe to the man whose ear the words reached; he would certainly die within the year, and his end was almost always miserable.

Probably the travellers bivouacked at this moment in the clearing were ignorant of this legend, or, if acquainted with it, their education or their strength of character protected them from such vulgar belief. Had it not been so, they would not have ventured to spend the night at a spot of such suspicious reputation. However this may be, the travellers whom chance had so singularly brought together did honor to the improvised repast, like men who, little accustomed to good dinners, recognized all their merits. When they had finished eating they turned their backs to the fire, so that the flames might not prevent their watching the neighborhood, and lighting their pipes and cigarettes began smoking the Indian *morriches*, the only tobacco they had at their service at the moment. There was a lengthened silence, during which the guests enjoyed their smoke, and Don Aurelio was the first whose cigarette was consumed. As he rolled another he said to the two woodrangers—

"You are foreigners, I think you said?"

The Canadians nodded an affirmative, probably not considering that any other answer was required.

"And have not been long in Mexico?" Don Aurelio continued.

"No," the Sumach answered, laconically.

"Ah!" the Mexican continued, not allowing himself to be discouraged by the uninviting way in which the hunters answered him. "Ours is a famous country at present for brave men; it is easy to make a fortune without much outlay."

"Well," Moonshine answered, with a crafty look, "not quite so easy as you fancy. Here is my comrade, who is certainly a plucky fellow, and who perhaps knows his trade better than most people, and yet he has not found anything to suit him."

"He probably applied to persons who did not understand him."

"Perhaps so, perhaps not," the Sumach said, shaking his head doubtfully; "or perhaps I asked too high a price."

"What! too high a price!" Don Aurelio exclaimed; "I do not understand."

"What use is it wasting time in explaining it to you, as it is not likely we shall have a deal together?"

"Who knows? Tell me, at any rate. We are going to a meeting of very rich caballeros, and expect to join them in the morning. Let me know your demands, which I will lay before them; and if they are not too high, they may probably deal with you."

"Nonsense, why tell them to you?" the adventurer continued, carelessly. "It will be time enough to-morrow for us to have an explanation with the gentlemen to whom you refer."

"As you please—I have no wish to force myself on your confidence."

"I intend to do so; but listen to me. Give me your word of honor that if we do not come to terms I shall be at liberty to go wherever I please, without any fear for my safety or my life."

"I pledge you my word of honor," Don Aurelio said quickly; "you can can trust to me."

"I do so with the more confidence," the adventurer remarked, with a laugh; "because if a hair of my head fell, it would cost you much more dearly than you imagine."

"What do you mean?"

"Enough that I know it," the Sumach said, with a crafty smile; "we have no need to enter into further details."

"Why play fast and loose with this caballero?" Moonshine observed; "his intentions are good. I see no harm in your being frank with him."

"Nonsense," the adventurer said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Let me alone, Moonshine; least said is soonest mended. In that way, we shall see if we can have confidence in the word of a Spaniard."

"Of a Mexican, you mean," Don Aurelio interrupted him with some vivacity.

"Well, a Mexican; it is of little consequence, though the difference appears to me very slight."

"That is possible, but to me it is enormous."

"As you please," the adventurer answered, carelessly. "I have not the slightest wish to argue with you—the more so, that you must know more about the matter than I do."

"In one word," Don Aurelio continued, "do you accept the proposition I made you to accompany me to-morrow to the hacienda, where the leaders of the revolutionary party are going to assemble, and may I rely on your word?"

"Yes, if I may rely on yours."

"I gave it to you. Here is my hand, you can take it without fear; it is that of a man of honor, and a friend."

The two Canadians cordially pressed the hand so frankly offered.

"That is settled," Moonshine said, as he shook the ashes of his pipe out on his thumb nail, and then passed the stem through his belt. "Now that is all arranged between us, if you will take my advice we will have a sleep. The night is getting on, and we must be mounted by sunrise."

No one opposed this proposition, which, on the contrary, was unanimously accepted; for all of them being fatigued with riding for the whole day along impracticable roads, had great need of rest. Each wrapped himself carefully up in his zarape, and lay down on the grass with his feet to the fire. Moonshine threw a few handfuls of dry wood into the flames, and resting his back against the base of the obelisk, placed his rifle between his legs, and prepared to guard the slumbers of his companions.

Don Aurelio had to oppose this, asserting that it was his duty to keep the first guard; but the Canadian insisted so strongly that the Mexican at length gave way, on the express condition of taking his place so soon as he felt sleep weighing his eyelids down. Moonshine, therefore, was soon the only person awake in the camp.

The night was calm and sultry; the atmosphere impregnated by the fragrant emanations from the ground, and refreshed by a wayward breeze which sported through the branches, and made them gently rustle, formed a light haze through which the white moonbeams capriciously filtered. The will-o'-the-wisps danced over the points of the grass, and a dull, continuous murmur which resembled the breathing of nature, and seemed to have no apparent cause, was mingled with the indistinct sounds of the solitude. The dark blue sky, studded with a profusion of dazzling stars, spread out like a diamond dome over this grand scenery, to which it imparted a fairy-like aspect.

The hunter, leaning against the base of the obelisk, with his arms crossed on the barrel of his rifle which was resting between his legs, yielded to the pleasure which this splendid night caused him. With his eyes half closed, and assailed by a sleepiness which he only combatted with difficulty, his ideas were beginning to lose their lucidity, his brain was growing confused, and the moment was at hand when sleep would definitively close his eyelids, which he could only succeed in keeping open by long and painful efforts.

How long he was plunged in this reverie, which has no name in any language, but which causes an infinite pleasure, he could not have said. All was confused before his half-closed eyes, and he could only perceive surrounding objects through a prism which transformed the landscape. Suddenly the hoarse croak of the owl was repeated several times with a force which made the hunter give a mighty start. He opened his eyes, shook off the lethargy that weighed upon him, and looked anxiously around him. All at once he started, rubbed his eyes as if to expel the last remains of sleep, and with a movement swift as thought, raised his rifle.

"Who goes there?" he shouted in a sharp though slightly trembling voice, owing to the inward emotion that agitated him.

The cry aroused the travellers from their sleep; they started up sharply and laid their hands on their weapons; but they let them fall again and remained motionless, with pallid cheeks and eyes fixed and dilated by terror. At fifty paces from them, on the skirt of the clearing, and fantastically illumined by a moonbeam which threw its light full upon her, stood straight and upright the vague form of a woman, whose proportions appeared gigantic to the terrified travellers. Garments of a dazzling whiteness fell in folds round this undefinable being, who held in her right hand a long sword whose flashing blade emitted sinister reflections. Her beautiful and regular face was of a cadaverous hue, which formed a contrast with the raven hue of her hair, that fell in disorder on her shoulders, and descended lower than her girdle, which was a golden circlet; two burning eyes lit up this face and gave it an expression rendered even more sinister by the heartrending and despairing smile which slightly parted her lips.

This strange apparition, whether man, woman, or demon, fixed on the startled travellers a look in which sorrow and wrath were mingled. These brave men, whom no human peril could have terrified, underwent a moment of supreme hesitation—they were afraid!

The very horses, as if they understood what was going on, and instinctively shared the fear which overpowered their masters, left off eating their food. With ears laid back, legs apart, and heads stretched out in the direction of this terrible apparition, they neighed and snorted violently. Moonshine, at length ashamed of the feeling of fear he experienced, moved forward a step and boldly cocked his rifle.

"Who goes there?" he shouted for the second time, in a voice rendered firmer by the assurance of being supported by his comrades, although the latter, growing more and more alarmed, did not appear at all disposed to help him. "Who's there? Speak, or, by heaven, whether you are an angel or demon, I will lodge a bullet in your head, and I warn you that I never miss my mark."

Fear makes men talkers; the hunter only made so long a speech through the terror with which the incomprehensible being he was addressing inspired him, and whom his threats did not at all appear to disturb. The apparition stretched out its left arm to the hunter, and said in a loud though melodious voice—

"What use is it to threaten what you cannot perform? Have you such a stock of ammunition that you are not afraid of wasting it?"

By an instinctive movement, which was independent of his will, the Canadian lowered his weapon, and let the butt sink to the earth again.

"What are you doing here?" the fantastic being continued. "You are sleeping like brute beasts, when you ought to be galloping. Your enemies are on the watch to surprise you; if you remain any longer here, on reaching the meeting place to-morrow you will only find the corpses of your friends lying all bloody on the ruins of the hacienda, where they are expecting you. You have not a moment to lose: to horse! to horse! And you," she added, turning to the two Canadians, "do you follow them; and, as you say that you are flying from despotism and seeking liberty, fight for it!"

"Who are you? What faith can we place in your words?" asked Don Aurelio, who had overcome his first terror.

"What matter who I am," the apparition replied forcibly, "if the advice I give you be good. I come, may be from heaven, may be from hell, who can say?" she added with a sarcastic laugh. "Perhaps I am the spirit of this clearing. Obey the order I give you; then, when the task you have undertaken is accomplished, you may try to find me out, if you are still curious."

"Viva Dios! I will not be fobbed in this way!" the Mexican shouted. "I will know what this means, and who is the being that thus counsels me."

And before his comrades could oppose the execution of the plan he had formed, he rushed forward impetuously, with a pistol in each hand.

"Madman!" the apparition continued, "for wasting your time in trying to pursue a chimera, when an imperious duty summons you. Catch me if you can."

"Aye, if I perish," Don Aurelio shouted. But at the same instant his feet were entangled in a liana, which he had not noticed in his hurry, and he rolled full length on the ground, and both his pistols, whether accidentally or purposely, were discharged in his fall. The Mexican rose again with a savage imprecation, but the phantom had disappeared.

"Malediction!" he shouted, as he looked searchingly around him.

A long laugh responded to him, and then a voice, momentarily growing weaker, said three distinct times—

"To horse, to horse, to horse!"

The travellers were startled; all had been witness of this strange apparition, which had suddenly disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it up, and there was no chance of guessing whither it had gone; hence all these brave men trembled like leaves agitated by the wind, and exchanged silent glances of terror, without daring to make a movement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 3, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 23, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Hundreds of new subscribers are availing themselves of the splendid opportunity to commence with the paper of September 19th.

But we are prepared for thousands—having printed a large extra edition containing the opening chapters of the two new stories.

Therefore, send in your names—the sooner of course the better.

MONEY ORDER POST OFFICES.

We are glad to see that two hundred and forty-five new money order Post Offices are to be opened by the 5th of October.

By this system money can be safely transmitted in payment of subscriptions to newspapers, from places where drafts on the eastern cities cannot be obtained. We hope the system will be extended until it embraces every post office in the country.

HIGH HEELS.

A graceful walk and carriage is a beautiful thing in man or woman—but it is utterly impossible to walk well or gracefully with very high heels.

To convince our readers of this, let them take off their shoes and stand in their stockings. Then observe the shape of the leg, especially at the knee. They will notice that the leg stands on the foot straight and firm. Now take a block or book two inches thick and place it under the heel. You will notice that the leg is no longer straight—the knee is thrown forward out of line, and looks somewhat as a horse does who is, in common language, "sprung at the knees."

A high-heeled shoe always thus throws the knee forward out of line—and thus lessens the power and elasticity of the leg by bending it. It also lessens, for a similar reason, the use and development of the calf of the leg.

The ugly and abominable "Grecian bend," is a necessary adjunct of the high and (to make it still worse) narrow heel which is now fashionable. And such walking as we have seen ladies do this summer, is enough to make any sensible person laugh, were it not that the utter folly of it makes all such too indignant to be amused. To see ladies tottering along as if treading on sharp pebbles—others mincing as if they had corns (as probably they had)—others bending forward until they seemed in danger of stumbling upon their faces, and hunching out behind in the most vulgar, not to say indecent manner—have been very common sights in our streets, and at the watering places. Who can wonder, even while they lament it, that essay after essay of the most contemptuous character is written upon women in leading journals, while men in general are disgusted beyond all measure.

We have heard that some teachers of dancing and deportment, are now absolutely reproving their pupils for standing too erect; and teaching them to bend forward, and stick out behind! We want language to express our disgust and contempt for such teachers. They ruin the health, enervate the mind, and incidentally corrupt the morals of those women of the land who are the models which nearly all the rest will gradually imitate.

Let all sensible parents see to it at once, that these high-heels are cut off from their daughter's shoes, and that if the young ladies have "any Grecian bend" about them, they be immediately straightened up again.

What can be more beautiful than a young, vigorous girl, glowing, lithe, slender, erect—straight as an arrow—elastic and springing, as if gifted with invisible wings!

And what more disgusting than one of these Grecian stoopers—shoulders bent forward—chest narrowed—humped like a camel—and tottering unsteadily along on her sharp, high heels, her hands held affectedly at her side, or perhaps in front of her—the most silly and contemptible looking object perhaps in God's whole universe!

What are such women fit for? Not for wives, that is certain. And the only good thing about them is, their want of attractiveness. So that all young men who are worth anything, stand coldly off, heart-whole, and feel about as much attracted towards them as they would towards a spider arrayed in the wings of a butterfly.

"BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

The editor of "The Methodist" says:—

Experience has prepared us not to be too greatly surprised when romance fades away, and its heroes lose much of their brilliancy, before the light of reality. It was not without sorrow that we became assured that Pocahontas—that beautiful vision of our early colonial history—was but a very common place and not very reputable young woman. It was with real pain that the heroine of the siege of Lucknow—whose quick ear had caught the distant sound of the bagpipes, and who cheered the well-nigh fainting garrison till succor came—became to us a myth, *the creation of a brilliant newspaper* "special;" and now the destruction of our brave Dame Barbara Frietchie—who waved the stars and stripes defiantly in the faces of Stonewall Jackson and his troops, as they marched through Frederick City, and whom Whittier has rendered immortal—is threatened.

A soldier of the Third Maine Regiment writes to the Portland Transcript: "I am a Maine boy, from the county of Franklin, and have been in this region since near the beginning of the war. I was, not long since, deeply mortified at not being able to find any such house as the one named nor such a dame. I was challenged to find the house or woman, or anybody that had *even seen* either, by a confederate who had served under Jackson. He and myself searched through the town. I found an old lady who answered to the name, but she had never heard of the affair, and only looked amazed when I complimented her."

Now, is there no one who has seen the patriotic old lady, or is there no one who has seen somebody who has seen her? Many a paragraph has been written about her, and she has found her way into at least one of our memorial books of the war, and is it possible that there is no one knows, or has known, her? An indignant nation will, no doubt, protest against the destruction of one of its brightest heroines.

"Who touches a hair of that old gray head
Dies like a dog."

And yet fiction and fancy must give way before stubborn fact.

We were not aware that it had been decided, as "The Methodist" says, that Pocahontas was either commonplace or disreputable.

As to the story of the hearing of the bagpipes at the siege of Lucknow, we believe that is generally admitted in England to be a romance—scarcely having a foundation in fact.

But as to "Barbara Frietchie," we had supposed that anecdote authentic. If we are not mistaken, Harper's Monthly, some time ago, contained what purported to be a likeness taken from life, of the aged heroine of that story.

Perhaps one of our readers in Frederick can inform us as to the facts of the case.

PATRIOTISM AND FIGS.

Now is the time when patriotic orators and editors abound.

"Vote our ticket! Save the country!" cries the ardent orator and politician—"and get me that little office I am after," he might truthfully add, but does not.

"Save the country! Spread our glorious principles! *and take the Weekly Bouncer!*" cries the political editor, more frank and outspoken.

"In the name of the PROPHET, *figs!*" says the fig-vender of Smyrna.

We wonder how many public meetings would be held, and how much money spent on flags, fireworks and transparencies, if it were not that the patriotic workers expected to reap a full reward for their arduous labors, in pocketing more or less of that $400,000,000 which Uncle Sam annually takes from the pockets of his children?

"DO ALL the good you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as you can."

☞ Josh Billings says, "Most people decline to learn only by their own experience, and I guess they are more than half right, for I don't s'pose a man could get a correct idea of molasses candy merely by letting another feller taste it for him."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A BOOK ABOUT BOYS. By A. R. HOPE, author of "A Book about Dominies." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE LIVES OF GRANT AND COLFAX. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

MUSIC. "On the Beach at Cape May"—"Ching Chang Polka"—and "All the Rage Galop"—are published and for sale by R. Wittig & Co., 1021 Chestnut street, Phila.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October. "The Man and Brother" is concluded from last month. Appearing in "The Atlantic," this article will do a great deal to enlighten our New England friends as to what the negro really is.

THE LOCUSTS AGAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor,—I notice in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of Sept. 12th, 1868, a response to my article of Aug. 1st, from the pen of Mr. Daniel Dieffenbach, on the periodical appearance and reappearance of the locusts. Mr. Dieffenbach seems to have made out a pretty fair apology for the benefit of eastern papers, for styling these insects seventeen-year locusts. In all due respect to that gentleman, thanking him at the same time for his kind regard towards me, I feel called upon to respond, which I do by first observing that either I or the printer have made one mistake in my article. Kentucky is printed where it should be Tennessee, and Tennessee where it should be Kentucky. To make the matter plain, I will restate my observations, adding counties:—In 1810 the locusts appeared in Garrard county, Kentucky. In 1829 in Bedford county, Tennessee. In 1842 in Calloway county, Kentucky. In 1855 and in 1868 in Johnson county, Illinois. So that in the two last named periods the observations are in the same place, which establishes the fact beyond all controversy, that here in Johnson county, Illinois, there are *thirteen-year* locusts. I have reliable information from Laclede and Douglas counties in South Missouri, that this is locust year in those localities; but know nothing from those parts as regards former years of their visitations. But over in Kentucky since 1842, I am pretty well assured that at least in Western Kentucky, as well as Southern Illinois, they are to all intents and purposes thirteen-year locusts. And this of itself springs another question in respect to these insects—that in the locust family there are different species.

That there are different species or varieties there can be no possible dispute, for I have paid particular attention to the fact, that this year two distinct varieties came up together—one class at least a third larger than the other. I do not confound males and females for different varieties, I had an eye to that matter, and least I might have been mistaken in that way I carefully captured several pairs while in the act of performing the notes of their monotonous music. *The music is as different in the two* varieties as that of the old-fashioned annual dry fly or July fly is from either of them. The locust last named is twice the size of the larger of the others, dark brown above, white underneath, and as nearly as I am able to portray on paper, performs his music thus, chachacha chaaaaaaaaa—rising with a gradual swell to the 3d note, and holding the 4th long and quivering with a gradual diminution to the close. The notes of the larger of the others are phaaaaaaaaaaaa-ra—the ra short. It is reddish brown above, red eyed (looks so, if indeed they may be called his eyes which are not so in fact), brighter reddish underneath. The smaller kind are darker reddish brown above the eyes or prominences called eyes, same color i. e. of his upper parts, whitish underneath, slightly tinged reddish along the edges. His notes are whichawhichwhichwhich whaaaaaaaaa, closing quick, short and tremulous. This last variety I have no remembrance of ever having noticed before this year, and for aught I know to the contrary, may be the seventeen-year locusts strayed from their old range into ours. I heartily concur with Mr. Dieffenbach in the desire to hear from all parts of our wide domain on the locust question. AN OLD OBSERVER.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I am credibly informed that there were no locusts in Union county, Illinois, this year, but they look for them next year.

The Gulf Stream.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the line of junction with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of a vessel may be perceived floating in the gulf stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the gulf stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the gulf stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco!

☞ It is reported that in the Union army during the rebellion, a little over seventy-five per cent. of the men were native Americans.

☞ Barnum says of John Allen, "I would not consider it a very good investment to purchase all his religion for two cents."

☞ Sixteen kinds of fossil horses have been discovered in North America, and yet there were no horses here when white men came.

☞ Gold and silver ankles are announced for ladies, and to be worn outside the stockings, it is added. Soon we shall have the nose-ring.

☞ Jones says a New England summer is but a flash of heat lightning between snow-drifts.

THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

First of the leading monarchs of Europe is Louis Napoleon, who, unlike his compeers in England, Prussia, and Austria, is his own prime minister, and holds the reigns of government in his own hands. To an American, his most remarkable quality is the ease and fluency with which he speaks the English language. He talks it well, and besides he puts his visitors so thoroughly at ease by his bland, courteous and unstilted manner, that the King is forgotten in the man. He wants to know all about everything going on, and takes quite as much interest in the approaching American Presidential election as if he expected to vote for one of the candidates.

Napoleon is a small man, bright-eyed, with grayish hair; and whilst his portraits resemble him, they all flatter him. He is neither of commanding presence, nor does he seem to be a man of power. Perhaps, however, he only shows himself truly great on great occasions, yet certainly he does not appear to be more than the ordinary style of mortals. He makes his best show in uniform, on horseback, and is said to be the first horseman of Europe. He rides a good deal about Paris, attended by guards, but just now spends most of his time at Fontainebleau, or Chalons. He bows profoundly to all who pass him, and takes a lively interest in everything connected with France. His face, however, is careworn and sad; he does not look like a happy man; nor does it seem if he cared so much now as he formerly did about the pleasures of royalty. Perhaps Napoleon would not be sorry if he could get back to private life, and be able to move about without fear of assassination. He is sixty now, and his hopes are centered in the Prince Imperial, a royal prodigy I have not had the pleasure of seeing. The Empress Eugenie is a faded beauty of forty, of magnificent figure, and full of the sweetest smiles for every one whose eye catches hers. With excellent tact, she surrounds herself only with ugly maids of honor, and I am told she exerts her woman's privilege quite royally by being in an almost perpetual quarrel with her husband.

The Queen of England has for some time ceased to be the golden-haired and blooming damsel the painters and coiners would represent her. She is a matron with a large family of children and grandchildren, and her photographs, as usual, flatter her. Victoria, just now, is said to chiefly occupy herself in regulating the Prince of Wales. They are constantly at war.

The Prince, who has spent the greater part of the past year in cultivating an elaborate pair of side whiskers, is unable to please his mother, and the result is that every once-in-a-while she turns him out of some of the royal residences. She also adopts every possible plan to run him in debt, by forcing upon him the expense of court entertainments that she ought to bear herself. It is hard to tell what is the cause of all this ill-blood between mother and son, but it is the common gossip of England, and the sympathy seems to be thoroughly with the Prince. The Queen, when most sulky, plunges herself into the deepest recesses of Scotland. The Prince does not seem to care much about it, but does the best he can to support the social duties devolving on the royal family whilst to fill his purse, Parliament votes him extra money. Decidedly the best one of the English reigning family is the Princess of Wales, now the mother of four children, who is always cheerful, pleasant, and popular, still good looking, and who hopes some day to win her husband back from the loose company he unfortunately keeps.

King Ludwig II., of Bavaria, is a young man, tall, and of commanding presence, with black complexion and black eyes. He is very sombre in his dress, and so sentimental in appearance that you think, were he not a King, he would be a student. He strikes you as always wrapped up in some philosophic mystery. Perhaps this is the effect that Wagner's music has upon him. Yet Ludwig bows to you in the most elaborate manner, bringing his hat down to the level of his waist in the profoundess of his salute, and entirely outdoing the universal German custom of taking off the hat to passing friends. Ludwig is sharp, too, in the management of his kingdom. He keeps his subjects contented by preventing an increase in the beer tax, and although his sympathies are Austrian, he manages, just at present, to be on the Prussian side.

The Austrian Emperor is, like the Prince of Wales, the owner of a very valuable, yet troublesome pair of whiskers. He is not a very strong man as a ruler, and is thoroughly overslaughed by the cabals that surround him. Of weak disposition, he is shilly-shallying in his nature, and at times is excessively joyous, or else plunged in the depth of despair. Austrian manners are so very exclusive that the Emperor rarely sees any of his humbler subjects; nor do they seem to care much about him. In America he would be called good looking, but really that is all that can be said. He imitates his royal brethren chiefly in their follies, and when he wants to make a display, does it by driving across his empire in a post-chaise in a shorter time than it was ever previously done, or in some similarly useless style. I was astonished at learning in Austria that Baron Von Buest, the prime minister, whilst the nation is almost completely Catholic, is a Protestant.

Excepting in France, the monarchs have little as possible to do with the government of their countries. They are a sort of figure-heads, as it were, whilst at the helm there stands some subject of commanding influence, who directs the ship of state. The Kings and Queens shine at balls and pageants, but never in the Council Chamber.

☞ Farms in Arkansas sell at from three to five cents an acre. A local paper says that land is so cheap that you have to look sharp or they will smuggle an extra forty acres or so on you in making out the deed. One of the finest plantations on the Arkansas river recently sold for five cents an acre.

☞ The Royal Humane Society has published two rules for bathers: First, learn to swim; second, don't make a fool of yourself in the water.

☞ "How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Quigg?" "Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till mornin' he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

☞ The "wicket-eat men" in the United States are said to be the "All England Eleven."

☞ There are more than a hundred houses in Fifth avenue, N. Y., that rent for $40,000 each a year.

Sheet Lightning.

The frequency of this phenomenon, and the beauty of the display on several recent occasions, induces us to quote the following description of the meteor by D. P. Thompson:—

"There is an electric phenomenon of peculiar character, termed sheet or summer lightning *(eclairs de chaleur)* unaccompanied by thunder, or too distant to be heard. When it appears, the whole sky, but particularly the horizon, is suddenly illuminated by a flickering flash. Matteucci supposes that it is produced either during evaporation, or evolved (according to Pouillet's theory) in the process of vegetation, or generated by chemical action in the great laboratory of nature, the earth, and accumulated in the lower strata of the air, in consequence of the ground being then an imperfect conductor. Arago and Kamtz have adopted a very different view of the nature of these lightnings, considering them as reflections of distant thunder-storms; and the author has often observed thunder-storms preceded and followed by this phenomenon. We have seen the cumulostratus cloud in the horizon start into view during the play of summer lightning. Saussure informs us that he observed sheet-lightnings in the direction of Geneva, from the Hospice du Grimal, on the 10-11th of July, 1783, while at the same time a terrific thunder-storm raged at Geneva. Howard mentions that from the neighborhood of Tottenham, near London, on July 31st, 1813, he saw the sheet-lightning toward the southeast, while the sky was spangled with stars, not a cloud floating in the air; at the same time a thunderstorm raged at Hastings, and in France, from Calais to Dunkirk. Arago instances the following illustration in support of his opinion, that the phenomenon is reflected lightning: In 1803, when observations were being made for determining longitude, Monsieur de Zach, on the Brocken, used a few ounces of gunpowder as a signal, the flash of which was visible from the Kleinlemberg, sixty leagues off, though these mountains are invisible from each other."

The Arabian Horse.

The acquisition of Algiers has rendered easy the introduction of the Arabian horse, for which the Parisians have always had a great fancy since the fashion was set by Napoleon and his officers of the Egyptian expedition, and traces of the presence of the stock will be seen in watching the carriages and horsemen pass on the Camps Elysees; for the Arab has been freely crossed with other stock, and some very elegant horses produced. But once in a while one of pure blood will be seen of a light mouse color, or cream, almost white, such as Vernet has drawn to the life, or a pure white, looking as light and airy as a cloud. Nothing can exceed the grace and beauty of these animals, so light and slender yet strong and fiery. They move with a peculiarly easy, elastic tread, and indescribably graceful—a movement possessed by no other animal unless the Italian greyhound. Once in a while such a horse passes; but he carries a villainous anticlimax on his back in the shape of a spectacled Frenchman, bobbing up and down in the saddle like a baby in a jumper, or an Englishman, standing bolt upright in the stirrups like a *wooden peg*.

☞ There is an anecdote told somewhere of a dispute in which a boisterous, ill-bred fellow called his adversary "no gentleman," "I suppose you think yourself one," was the reply. "Certainly I do," answered the bully. "Then," said the other "I'm not offended that you don't think me one."

☞ When Jones was at college he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Jones. One day the wag, Brown, went into his rooms, and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly, and dirty state of everything, said, "Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad, the only clean thing in your room is your towel!"

☞ The pulse of young ladies generally beats stronger in the palm of the hand than at the wrist. This curious fact in physiology has been frequently observed by young men of an investigating turn of mind.

☞ Captain Thomas H. Card, who lives at Dover Point, N. H., and was ninety-three years old in August, has cut with a scythe this year ten acres of grass, cured it, raked it, and carted the most of it to his barn on a hand-cart. After he had finished his haying he engaged in clearing some of his wild land, and is making a good job of that.

☞ The Chinese on the Russian border like the English missionaries very much and extend a cordial welcome to them. The main reason is that the missionaries distribute Bibles bound in leather, and the Chinese make shoes of the bindings and save their soles at the English expense.

☞ Count von Schack, a Prussian artillery lieutenant, and considered the best swimmer in the North-German army, made a bet the other day that he could swim across the Spree, lying on his back, and bearing on his breast a board with two full bottles of wine, six eggs in a dish, and four tumblers. If one of these articles should fall from the board, he would lose the bet. He won it.

☞ TOOTHACHE.—Toothache, according to the London Lancet, can be cured by the following preparation of carbolic acid: To one drachm of collodium add two drachms of Calvert's carbolic acid. A gelatinous mass is precipitated, a small portion of which, inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth, invariably gives immediate relief.

☞ The intensity of maternal affection was well illustrated in the observation of a sweet little boy, who after reading John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," asked his mother which of the characters she liked best. She replied, "Christian, of course; he is the hero of the story." The dear child responded: "Mother, I like Christiana best, because when Christian set out on his pilgrimage he went *alone*, but when Christiana started, *she took the children with her*."

☞ "There is but one good wife in this town," said a clergyman in the course of his sermon (the congregation looked expectant,) "and every married man thinks he's got her," added the minister.

☞ Rev. Dr. Bond, of Baltimore, reports that when in Boston he went to church where he "heard music which made him wonder how he got in without a ticket."

☞ In Texas, beeves of the best quality, it is reported, can be bought for fifty cents a head.

☞ A New York milliner has made a bonnet which is said to be a marvel of cheapness at $125.

☞ An exchange tells of a man who stopped his paper on Saturday, and died the next day!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—A prominent broker in New York recently sold $1,600,000 in gold, and brought down the price from 142⅞ to 141¾. But it went up again in a day or two to about the old price.

—There was recently a riot at Camilla, Georgia. The Republicans, mainly negroes, attempted to hold a political meeting. The sheriff and citizens said they should not enter the town armed. The result was a riot in which a number of persons (principally negroes) were killed and wounded, and the meeting not held.

—The trial of John H. Surratt ended on the 24th, with Surratt's discharge by Judge Wylie, on the ground that he was relieved from prosecution by the statute of limitations. An appeal was entered by the prosecution. According to the statute the indictment must be found within two years of the alleged offence.

—A man was recently run over on the New Jersey railroad. He was walking beside the track, and suddenly threw himself before the engine, and was run over by the entire train. He was so horribly mangled that his remains were shovelled into a sack and conveyed to Newark.

—The Alabama Legislature has passed a resolution asking the President to send U. S. troops to preserve the peace in Alabama, and appointed a committee to wait upon the President. The Democratic members denounce the resolution as a political scheme.

—Congress met and adjourned to meet on October 16th, November 10th, and the first Monday in December. The only business done was the adoption of a resolution directing the Retrenchment Committee to investigate the cause of the non-appointment of the Supervisors ordered by the new Revenue law.

—The citizens of Minnesota are to vote on the question of negro suffrage at the election in November.

—The official Republican majority in Maine is 20,400.

—Robert T. Lincoln, son of the late President, was married at Washington on the 24th to Mary, daughter of Senator Harlan, of Iowa.

—Von Graffe, the Prussian oculist, promises restoration of eyesight to the Rev. Mr. Milburn, "the blind preacher," who is under his care at Berlin.

—The report of the jury of the Paris International Exhibition has been published, making thirteen octavo volumes. Every exhibitor got a prize.

—There has been a rebellion in Spain. Result yet uncertain. All Spain has been declared in a state of seige. Espartero and Prim are at the head of it.

—The potato rot is prevailing extensively in New Brunswick, whole fields being destroyed in a few hours.

—A prominent photographer of Pittsburg has been arrested for libel, which consisted in manufacturing and circulating pictures of the head of a well-known and respectable young lady of that city, to which a little boy's body had been coupled. The man who could be guilty of so contemptible a business ought to suffer for it.

—The Colorado election still worries the politicians. It is either 79 Republican majority or 45 Democratic majority. Each party is determined not to be out-counted.

—A citizen of Leipsic has been imprisoned three years for engaging himself to one hundred and forty-one young ladies at the same time.

—New Jersey boasts of an abundant grape crop. The vines are breaking down with the weight of the fruit.

—A new revolution is announced in Mexico; this time in favor of Santa Anna. Our neighbors have an average of two revolutions a week.

—Lord Amberly (Earl Russell's son), has named a child after Lucretia Mott, of this city.

—The consumption of ripe grapes within the city of Paris is estimated at about 8,570 tons for the year 1868, besides those cultivated within the limits, of which no return can be obtained. This year, it is stated that the quantity will probably exceed 10,000 tons, as the grapes are remarkably good and sweet.

—The South Carolina Senate have suspended Leslie, one of the white members, for six months, for alleged contempt.

☞ A representative of the rural districts dropped into one of our city restaurants, not long since, and ordered what he heard the man seated opposite him call for—"Apple dumpling—both." Having managed to make way with the sauce, he was asked by the waiter if he would "Have some more dumpling, sir?" "No, sir, thankee," was the reply; "but I will thank you for a little more of that 'ere 'intment."

☞ A new figure in the "German" has been invented at a watering place in Bohemia. The lady is seated in the middle of the circle and small plates of cakes are given to three or four gentlemen, the one who succeeds in eating the cakes quickest having the honor of her hand for the dance. The last of the Wallensteins the other day almost choked himself to secure the hand of an American belle.

☞ When a gentleman steps on a lady's train the lady should turn around and say politely—"I beg your pardon, sir;" and the gentleman should bow and say—"I accept your apology, madam."—*N. Y. Mail.*

☞ Long Branch is to have a theatre.

☞ French letter carriers are to ride velocipedes.

☞ The 10,070 public-houses and beerhouses of London would, if placed side by side, extend over 33 miles. Music halls and dancing rooms exist without number.

☞ It is said of the late Mr. John Douglas Cook, editor of the Saturday Review, that he never wrote a single line in the journal he created and edited till the day of his death.

☞ A Turk broke the Baden-Baden bank nine times in succession, recently. He is the most desperate gambler Germany has seen for years.

☞ A German philologist, at Jena, predicts that in five centuries English will be the universal language.

☞ A Republican and a Democratic Club peaceably occupy the same room in San Francisco. The transparency is also in common, one side bearing the names of Seymour and Blair, and the other those of the Republican nominees. Why would it not be a good idea for the same men to run both machines? and then they would get the spoils, no matter who was elected. Perhaps they do.

☞ There is a lady in Boston who hasn't washed her face for fifteen years. She thinks water injurious to the skin, and uses fine Indian meal in its place.

Breaking Criminals on the Wheel.

The good old times must, in very many respects, have been very bad old times. Read, for instance, the following extract from the instructions given in 1786 by the Paris Parliament to "Monsieur de Paris"—that is to say, the Parisian executioner—in regard to the course he was to pursue in breaking criminals:

"After undressing the prisoners, no matter whether male or female, until nothing but a short shirt covers them, he will tie them to the St. Andrew's cross on the scaffold, stretching their limbs as far as possible, and turning their elbows outside. After giving the chaplain notice to leave the scaffold, he will take the bar (an iron bar, four feet long and very heavy) and commence striking on the prisoner's limbs. He will commence at the left shoulder, crushing the bones by two deliberate blows. One blow will be sufficient for the upper arm, two for the left elbow, two for the wrist and hand. Two heavy blows will be dealt on the hip-bone, three on the left knee joint, two, well laid on, on the left leg and one on the left foot. 'Monsieur de Paris' will then wait a minute or two, and commence 'working' on the right side of the culprit, commencing at the foot and finishing at the shoulder. The greffier of the court will see to it that these instructions are strictly carried into effect. The screams of the culprit must not be heeded by 'Monsieur,' nor must he give him the *coup de grace* before finishing in on the right shoulder. The *coup de grace* is to consist of three heavy blows, to be delivered on the breast of the prisoner; if the prisoner is a woman, the *coup de grace* will be delivered under the ribs, lest her bosom should break the force of the blows. The body of the culprit will be delivered to the medical faculty of Paris, which will file a report on the condition of the corpse with the greffier of the Parliament."

This horrible mode of execution was witnessed on an average once a week by the Parisians. One of the last victims of this atrocious cruelty was a poor servant girl, who had been convicted of stealing two or three dresses from her mistress. She was broken on the wheel because larcenies by domestics had become very numerous in Paris. Her agony lasted eleven minutes, and a stream of blood spouting from her mouth after her knee-joint had been crushed, drowned her heartrending cries. Queen Marie Antoinette had been appealed to to save the girl, and haughtily refused. This was afterward remembered against her. During the reign of Louis XVI. about three thousand persons were annually broken on the wheel. Such were the "good old times" in France.

FRENCH TREATMENT OF SNAKE POISON.—We observe that in a recent case of poison from a dead rattlesnake's fangs in France, the two doctors in attendance pronounced the danger imminent. They steeped the finger in a solution of alkali, and then introduced a platina needle into the wound, previously made red hot by the application of electric piles. The patient was next dosed with the usual antidotes for poison. After an hour of this treatment he was sent home. The excitement over, the *savans* inquired among themselves whether M. Delahaye's wound could have proved mortal. To ascertain the fact they sent for a rabbit, and, closing the jaws of the stuffed crotalum on the wretched animal's thigh, inflicted precisely the same wound as M. Delahaye had accidentally received. In half an hour the rabbit died in all the tortures of tetanus. We may add that M. Delahaye himself had sucked the wound at once upon receiving it.

☞ A little boy, who, whenever he went to play, was pestered by a little girl, the child of a neighbor (a horrible little girl that squinted and was altogether frightful,) being asked "why he was always so ugly to Susie Bates?" and also informed "the Lord made Susie Bates as well as him," exclaimed, "Oh, Nurse Thompson, ain't you ashamed to talk that way about the good Lord!"

☞ The Arabs, the most careful of their horses of all people, do most of their horse-feeding at night. They say that feeding in the day time does not impart so much vigor and elasticity to the animals as night mastication does. Their saying is that "Barley at night goes to the buttock—in the morning to the manure." They afford water too very sparingly during the day time.

☞ "Huzza," says the New York Post, "is not a real word at all. Like 'alas,' it is a book word, a mere diagram. 'Hurrah' is the real word, and is not only used in shouting, but is intrinsically shoutable. Who can shout az? It is not a shout, but a hiss. 'Hurrah' is American and idiomatic. 'Huzza' is English and idiotic."

☞ A client refused to take a seat in his lawyer's office, because "he wished to keep his expenses down as much as possible."

☞ Mark Twain, lecturing on the Sandwich Islands, offered to show how the cannibals eat their food, if some lady would hand him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.

☞ Queen Victoria was charged 700 francs for a plain breakfast by a Swiss innkeeper. He was remonstrated with on the ground that eggs were plenty, but countered with—"Yes, but sovereigns are scarce."

☞ It is little wonder that men so often lie when they find how many enemies they make by telling the truth.

☞ The following is a Spanish epitaph upon a young girl who died broken-hearted:—

"She who lies beneath this stone
Died of constancy alone.
Fear not, approach, oh! passer-by—
Of naught contagious did she die."

☞ Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of such acts shows it to be a part of the temperament.

☞ The West Point Cadets cost Uncle Sam nearly $15,000 apiece.

Kalliston.—To the beautifying influence of BURNETT'S KALLISTON thousands of ladies owe the preservation of their complexions during the season. Apply it in the evening and it will undo all the mischief the wind and sun may have done to the skin during the day. Tan, freckles, morphew, redness, prickly heat, blotches, &c., vanish under its cooling, purifying operation, like mists wafted away by the breeze.

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is the best pain reliever in the world; in cases of severe and dangerous burns and scalds, apply it freely, and at once the sufferer will be relieved, and easy in a few moments.

"How Chilly the Evenings in October!"

This is a common remark, yet how few think of the danger of exposing themselves to their influence? In all low, marshy localities Ague and Fever prevail at this season of the year. In this disease there is invariably more or less derangement of the liver and digestive organs. The remedies usually resorted to have reference to preventing the paroxysm or breaking up the chills. If this is effected without removing the cause, a relapse is inevitable. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS strike directly at the foundation of the evil, by acting on the liver and correcting digestion. The cause being removed, the paroxysm will cease, and the chills cannot return. When the patient is weak and debilitated, the BITTERS should be resorted to, as they will strengthen and tone the stomach, allay all nervous irritation, and infuse renewed animation into the hitherto drooping spirits, without entailing the danger of reaction.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is truly a preventive medicine, rendering even the feeblest frame impervious to all malarious influences; and, as a stomachic and anti-bilious medicine it is incomparable, and no one who values his health can afford to do without it. Fortify the system with this inestimable tonic and invigorant, and the "Chills of October Evenings" will have no terror for you. oct2-5t

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAPPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. TAKEN *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jc27-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. ☞ Sold everywhere. sp11-6m

Wanted—

A special State agent by the *Berkshire Life Ins. Co.* None but those having the proper qualifications need apply. See advertisement on page 7.

W. H. GRAVES, sep26-2t 320 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is supreior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.12. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. E. T. Kenney, Mr. JOSEPH W. HARVEY to Miss PHEBE E. VARE, both of this city.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. SAMUEL C. RUTTER to Miss MOLLIE B. CLYMER, both of this city.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. W. H. Hutter, Mr. WILLIAM MCGIVNEY to Miss JEMIMA P. DAVISON, both of this city.

On the 15th of Sept., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JAMES H. WATSON to Miss JOSEPHINE REESE, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. PETER SPRINGER to Miss ELLEN REILEY, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec. last, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE W. JEFFRIES to Miss ELIZABETH ENGLISH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Sept., Mrs. JANE COSTELLO, in her 68d year.

On the 23d of Sept., Mrs. ELEANOR, wife of Wm. H. Asny, aged 46 years.

On the 21st of Sept., JOHN H. FAHY, Sr., Printer, in his 61st year.

On the 20th of Sept., JAMES B. STEVENSON, in his 67th year.

On the 20th of Sept., Mr. ROBERT G. SIMPSON, in his 56th year.

On the 19th of Sept., MARGARET YOUNG, aged 45 years.

On the 19th of Sept., MARY HUTTON, wife of Wm. Harper, Sr., in her 80th year.

On the 16th of Sept., MRS. AGNES GALLAGHER, in her 72d year.

On the 16th of Sept., Mr. ROBERT MILLOR, in his 25th year.

THE ISLE OF PINES.

BY MISS MOLLIE E. MOORE.

I know not who the question asked,
Nor whose the answer: on the tasked
And busy street at noon I caught
The fragment, with sweet meaning fraught:
"Where is Louise?" "Her cheeks were
pale,
Somehow, I thought she seemed to fail,
—The heat perhaps and weariness—
And so (I miss her, John, they bless
One's house more than the day that shines),
I sent her to the Isle of Pines!"

The Isle of Pines! I know it lies
Somewhere beneath sweet tropic skies
(With whispering shades and fragrant dew),
Across the ocean's yearning blue;
In what enchanted latitudes,
Or on what seas its beauty broods,
I cannot tell—but with shut eyes
I see its low and gracious skies,
I hear its birds call through the dew—
Across the ocean's yearning blue!

I see the plumy pines that stand
Apart and solemn, touch their grand
Smooth trunks and feel the heart within
That throbs and teaches song! The thin
Clear streams that flow I see, the grass
That whispering sighs to feel them pass,
The smooth-brow pine leaves on the hills,
The heavy-hearted flower that fills
The moist, damp nooks! Oh yearning eyes,
What brings this dream of tropic skies!

And thro' the isles I see her pass,
Unknown Louise! by whispering grass
And sighing pine! I see the glow
Of life return with gladder flow;
I see the red lip touch the flower,
In memory of some chosen hour;
I hear the glad laugh ring; I feel
Her living Presence o'er me steal!
—Ah, would *I* were where sunlight shines
With healing in the Isle of Pines.

Ah me, well do I know there lies,
Somewhere beyond our mortal skies
(With restful shades and healing dew),
An Island fairer still to view!
And pallid cheeks and breasts of care,
Return to health and gladness there.
Nor is this Island hard to see.
Oh yearning hearts, not hard to see!
Only to look with vision true
Across an ocean's hungry blue!

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

Sir Francis spent that evening at his club, refusing to accompany his daughter to Lady ——'s ball, since he could find more congenial society elsewhere. Ernestine politely regretted her "dear papa's" indisposition to relish her pursuits, slowly swept around on one foot before the long mirror, to take in the whole effect of her ravishing toilet, and signified her readiness to depart. The baronet graciously handed her to the carriage, and then sprang lightly into his own elegant vehicle, humming a tune and twirling his moustache.

Mrs. Halford was sitting in a remote corner of one of Lady ——'s elegant saloons, silently watching the dancers and fanning herself in an abstracted manner. Owing to the crush the heat was great, and she had borrowed Ernestine's fan, which was of black lace, spangled with silver butterflies. As she waved it, with languid grace, the insects, whose expanded wings were dotted with innumerable glittering points of blue and emerald, seemed to flutter and to try to escape from their gauzy bondage.

"That fan reminds me of you," said a voice near her, and St. George's handsome head bent before her for an instant, before he seated himself beside her. "Oh! kind dowager, who left this seat for me?" said he, as he turned towards her a face radiant with evident pleasure at their meeting.

"Oh! partnerless young lady! evidently wishing some one would ask her to dance," said Mrs. Halford, motioning slightly towards a young and pretty girl who was looking very melancholy as she sat by her mother's side, alternately biting the fingers of her gloves and the green fringe of her bouquet.

"I have no desire to dance with a young woman who wears green trimmings on a blue dress and bites the fingers of her gloves," said St. George. "I had rather tell you why you resemble your fan."

"I do not wish to know."

"You will have to listen, as you cannot very well run away from me. It is because your eyes and your thoughts seem to try to escape from the gloomy thraldom of your black dress, and flutter among their native flowers."

"You are very poetical," said Mrs. Halford, but there was no sneer in her tones, as usual, and she looked at him thoughtfully for an instant, gazing full into his clear, beautiful eyes, as a mother might look into the eyes of her son, but as no *young* woman *could* look into the eyes of her lover.

St. George's eyes fell. This look troubled him—he could not tell why—but undoubtedly he was partially conscious of its nature, and had formed an expectation that *her* eyes would droop instead of his—that is, if she were the young beauty that he believed her to be.

His eyes, averted from her face, rested on her hand, and he said, "You use your fan like a Spanish woman."

"So I have been told."

"It is very rare to see an English woman who knows how to use her fan."

"Or an Englishman who knows how to use his tongue."

"Do you think so?"

"I was standing once on the place where Julius Cæsar fell, and thinking of the horror of remembered friendship so requited, which must have thrilled Brutus's guilty heart when Cæsar said, 'And *you* also?' when one of my countrymen began to speak of—imagine what?"

"A ball, or a pic-nic?"

"The superior flavor of the Neapolitan macaroni to that prepared at Rome."

"Then you have been in Rome?"

"Yes, I was there once, in the capacity of—companion."

"I should like to visit Rome with *you*."

"I will go as companion to your wife."

"Will you not go *as my wife*?"

Mrs. Halford turned around and looked at him silently, her face crimsoning, her lip trembling. St. George's eyes met hers, calmly, earnestly. Without removing his gaze, his hand sought hers, and he said again, "Will you?"

"I—your wife!"

"I know that it is a great deal to ask, but I love you so much!"

"Me—an old woman!"

"You are not old—you are young—but if you *were old*, you are still the only woman whom I ever wished to make my wife."

"You have been drinking too much champagne," said the widow, withdrawing her hand.

"I see that you wish to throw me off my guard by making me angry, but nothing that you may say can offend me, for I love you, my darling, *my darling*."

St. George said these last two words in a low, tremulous voice, and leaned towards her, his eyes glowing ardently, his lips slightly parted, his face coloring softly with emotion.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Halford, laughing, "look upon me as your grandmother or aunt, but do not again attempt to make love to me."

"I accept your proposition," said St. George, after a moment's hesitation. "I will look upon you as my *aunt* until farther notice;" and so saying, he rose, looked down on her for a minute, and then bowed, with a subtile smile, and left her.

She swayed her fan slowly until he had disappeared, and then let it fall idly on her lap. Concealed by the gossamer robes of the beautiful young girls who wound in and out in the dance before her lowly seat, she bent over it, and something more brilliant than the sheeny wings of the butterflies fell upon it. The pale widow wore no diamonds, but the brightest in the room could not compare with the few drops forced by bitter memories that lay on Ernestine's Spanish fan.

Then she raised the hand which St. George had taken and kissed it passionately. She then placed it side by side with the hand which she had bitten in her paroxysm of self-detestation and muttered to herself, "What I am, and what I was."

"Your head aches, does it not?" said Ernestine, as they stood waiting for their carriage and shivering slightly in the chill morning air, for it was two o'clock, and the darkness was gray and misty with fog, through which the stars shone dully, with a red, murky light. The dampness seemed to have struck to the widow's heart, she looked so wan and lifeless, as she replied in the negative.

The carriage rolled to the door, and as a dozen officious hands were extended to lead the heiress to it, Mrs. Halford glanced around, as if in search of some one whom she had expected to see there, and then, with a half sigh, meekly accepted the aid of a tall footman, and throwing herself back on the seat leaned her heavy head against the cushions.

As they thundered along the silent streets, through which stalked an occasional policeman, magnified by the fog to a gigantic size, she said again and again to herself those two words, "my darling, my darling," trying to recall their precise intonation, and that look of the blue eyes which had repeated them with even more perfect tenderness than the harmonious voice. Ernestine was very sleepy and did not disturb her meditations, but when they had reached home and stood under the light of the chandelier in the hall, even her obtuseness observed the lovely tint and soft light which the mere recollection of those magic words had brought to Mrs. Halford's lips and eyes.

"You don't look a bit like a ghost now," said the girl, admiring her. "It's a shame to waste such a color on two o'clock in the morning."

"Is it two o'clock? By Jove! where *has* the night gone to?" said the baronet, who had come in behind them. His eyes were remarkably brilliant, and his handsome legs betrayed a slight inclination to unsteadiness in their accustomed stride, otherwise it might have been supposed that he had spent the first portion of the night in innocent slumber. As he attempted to hang his hat on the stand, he seemed to be troubled by a doubt if the mahogany branches were at a great distance, or in the immediate vicinity of his face.

Mrs. Halford lighted her candle, and putting one foot on the stairs, said, "Come, Ernestine."

"No, it is not *come*, Ernestine, nor *go*, Ernestine, but *stay*, Ernestine," interrupted the baronet, in an aggressive tone. "I have something to say to you, my daughter, and I *should* and *would* say it, if all the dragons in airth and ev, I mean in *earth* and *air* should try to prevent me."

"Very well, papa," said Ernestine, smiling. "I will follow in a few minutes, Gerald."

Mrs. Halford went slowly up the stairs, and the baronet, leaning heavily against the balustrades, stared at Ernestine with vacant eyes.

"Well, papa, what is it?" said Ernestine, cheerfully shrugging her shoulders slightly with the cold, and drawing over them the large folds of her velvet mantle which had fallen back with its own weight.

"What is what, eh?" said the baronet, rousing himself.

"What did you wish to say to me?"

"I? Nothing. I am going to bed. It is very hard that a man can't go to bed quietly in his own house," said Sir Francis, in an injured tone.

"Go to bed, then, papa, and I will go up stairs with you."

"Now, just look at it," said Sir Francis, extending his hand, as if addressing an imaginary audience. "How sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child! Lear had but *one* Goneril, but by Jove! I believe I have half a dozen."

"Is that a new style of cravat, papa?" asked Ernestine innocently, and even the baronet's foggy brain was penetrated by the absurdity of this question, and he began to ascend the stairs, laughing heartily. Some round substance on the upper stair rolled under his foot, and losing his balance he fell the length of the entire flight.

Ernestine gave a succession of piercing screams, which roused the household, for doors were heard opening in various directions, and a woman came running down the stairs with her loosened hair falling over her white dressing gown. Ernestine stopped screaming and stood looking at her in silent wonder, for she knew of no one in the house who had those waves upon waves of golden bright hair falling far below the knee, and glittering like Dido's far-famed tresses.

"What is it? Are you hurt?" said the woman, pushing back her thick locks from her face.

Ernestine laughed and said, "Only think, I did not know you at all!" and the baronet having picked himself up, his senses being restored by his fall, came forward, exclaiming, "Good heavens, *Geralda!*"

Mrs. Halford became livid, and seemed to be conscious for the first time that she was without her cap, for she raised her hand hurriedly to her head, and then dropping it, gazed at him with terrified eyes.

"Go up stairs," said Sir Francis to his daughter in an under tone, "but first dismiss all these staring eyes and open ears."

Ernestine had considerable tact, often a more valuable possession than genius or learning, and quietly telling the servants that she was sorry to have disturbed them for nothing, as Sir Francis was not injured by his fall, she sent them away, and bidding her father good-night, went up stairs.

As soon as Sir Francis heard her door shut he went up to Geralda, and taking both her hands, said, "So I have found you at last, my darling."

The baronet looked very handsome and very tender as he spoke, but his words—the words that St. George had used, seemed to sting her, and she snatched her hands from him, saying, "How dare you!"

"Because everything is changed now. Because *she* is dead, and I can make you Lady Chalcedon."

"Yes, everything *is* changed now," said she, in a tone of such scorn and detestation that it seemed as if her words must blister the ears that heard them. "I, who loved you, *hate* you; I, who longed for your kisses, pah! would *die* rather than you should *touch my little finger*. I, who looked on you as more than mortal, now despise you as little better than a brute. I had rather live and die nameless as I am than to take your name with a crown."

She said all this with such vehemence and rapidity, that the baronet, trying to interpose a word, could find no chance to speak.

When she had finished, he said,

"I do not believe it."

She did not speak, but she looked at him as if she hoped to kill him with a glance.

"No; I do not believe it. You are very angry because I have deceived you; but when a man loves as I do, he does not stop for obstacles."

"Love! do you call *that* love? *I* call it disgusting selfishness."

"I never was selfish in my life. Didn't you have everything a woman could want?"

"I think if you say another word, I shall soil my fingers with your face."

"You always did have a temper, Geralda, but when a man wishes to make every reparation—"

"I desire no reparation. My present position is preferable to anything *you* could offer."

"Really! I hope you do not compare the position which my wife would occupy, with that of a two-penny governess."

"I make no comparisons," said Geralda, turning to ascend the stairs.

"One word more, Geralda," said Sir Francis, detaining her by one of her long tresses.

She held the candle under the lock until the flame severed it, and then escaped up the stairs.

CHAPTER III.

Sir Francis slept very well that night, notwithstanding the storm of indignation which had been poured upon his handsome head by an injured woman. The baronet numbered many injured women among the names inscribed upon the tablet of his Past, but never before one who had refused to be comforted, who chose to consider her injury irreparable.

It is true that he had married Geralda Mancetti, aged eighteen, at the little Protestant chapel in Paris; but he had wedded her under an assumed name, or, rather, dropping his surname, had called himself by his baptismal title, Francis Gervase, and at the same time had neglected to give her one little item of information—that he already had a wife living, to whom he had been married some fifteen years, and who was the mother of Ernestine.

Geralda was young, enthusiastic, and half Italian, loving and hating with the peculiar vehemence of those races who live near the sun, and, looking no farther than his winning exterior, adored her husband with a charming wilfulness, which was very fascinating, as he was always doubtful if her loving might not turn to hating, and consequently was never sated by endearments which resembled those of a kitten, which scratches while caressing. He was therefore always careful to present to her the best side of his character, which opposed excessive industry in the pursuit of every pleasure, to indolence in all honorable pursuits. Inordinate vanity, to small reverence for all that is truly admirable in man or woman. An excessive dislike to exertion made him appear very amiable, as he would often yield rather than take any trouble to support his original design or conviction, and he was lavishly generous when what he spent or gave would reflect honor or pleasure on himself.

For two years his life with Geralda was very pleasant to them both. She, who had known all the discomforts arising from straitened means, and a residence with those who were unconnected with her by ties of blood or affection, living in the greatest luxury, the idol of her husband, whom she in turn regarded as a species of demigod; he, the companion of a beautiful and intellectual girl, who was as bewitching and various in her moods as Cleopatra, and whom he loved with an intensity of passion which he had supposed to be incompatible with his worn-out affections.

Being absent one time from Paris, (sailing on the Mediterranean, in the yacht of the Compte de B———,) and writing to both his wives, he was so unfortunate as to enclose each letter in the envelope directed to the other. Lady Chalcedon was at this time dead, a fact of which he was, of course, unaware, and his letter never reached England, but the other did reach Paris, and when he returned, Geralda had disappeared, leaving a letter so blotted with tears, and incomprehensible from the incoherent intermingling of reproaches and imprecations that it required his own inclosed epistle to translate its meaning. He was really overwhelmed by this unexpected misfortune, and not only made every endeavor to find her in France, but sent her photograph to his English solicitor, representing her as his ward, who had eloped from Paris, and offering a large reward for her recovery. And it was this photograph which Ernestine had showed to St. George.

Now that his wife was dead, and he had found Geralda, he contemplated a yet more perfect happiness with her as Lady Chalcedon, and without the sword of a disgraceful secret suspended above them by the slender thread of a chance.

"I am a lucky man," said Sir Francis to himself that next morning, as he fastened a coquettish cravat with a perfect gem of a pin; "and she is a lucky woman," he added as an afterthought, as he surveyed his own handsome face in the mirror, and complacently stroked that irresistible moustache. "I only wore *whiskers* when she knew me; and, by Jove! there isn't such another moustache in the three kingdoms. If she comes down with that cap on, I'll pull it off and burn it before her eyes, crush me if I don't. She must have been awfully angry to have been willing to make such a fright of herself; and she must have been awfully sorry too, for she's as thin and pale as a—as a—my gray coat. Francois, that's the thing to go with this Humboldt-blue cravat."

Before opening the door of the breakfast-room, the baronet assumed his most effective bearing and expression, and then entered, with a graceful blending of dignity and graciousness which he thought no woman could withstand. Unfortunately, Ernestine and the butler were the only ones present, and his manner was lost upon the former, who was feeding a kitten, while the latter was so much more impressive himself, that if he remarked his master's bearing at all, he probably considered it but an imperfect copy of his own superlative dignity.

"Do we breakfast alone this morning?" asked Sir Francis, seating himself, and spreading a napkin over his knees.

"I—I think so, papa," said Ernestine, pouring him out a cup of chocolate.

The butler served it, and Sir Francis found in the saucer, a note, the direction of which he instantly recognized.

His hand trembled to such a degree, as he opened it, that the large diamond he wore on his fourth finger twinkled like a star, and his pale complexion grew several degrees whiter. His daughter bent discreetly over her tea and toast, and the baronet read the following, written in a bold, firm hand:

"If you thought that I would remain where I should be exposed to your detested presence, and still more detestable solicitations, you will now find yourself mistaken. I go where it will be in vain for you to seek me, and where I shall remain until I hear that you are dead. If it will be any satisfaction to you, know that I love another man as I never loved *you*, for my affection is not the fancy of a silly girl, but the matured love of a woman whose *intellect*, as well as heart, approves the man whose wife she desires to be. I am also tenderly loved in return; and when you are dead, I hope to become his happy wife. Until then I shall consider myself——.

"May you repent before you die, and die soon,
Is the wish of
"GERALDA."

Geralda had well considered the effect of every word, and the arrangement of every sentence, which were so many mortal wounds to the vanity and heart of the baronet, who loved her as well as any one so constituted could love any but his dear self. To learn that she loved, and was beloved, caused him a sensation of agony that astonished himself, and her cold-blooded reference to, and expressed wish for his speedy dissolution, absolutely terrified him, for it seemed as fateful as the significant glance of the Norseman's Valkyria, when her large eyes dwelt solemnly upon the hero whom she had doomed to fall in the battle.

He attempted to look undisturbed, though of a mortal paleness, but the piece of toast which he tried to swallow, seemed to swell in his throat and suffocate him, and the chocolate tasted of the mould of the tomb.

Unable to eat, he made a pretence of it, until his daughter had finished, and then signified a desire to speak with her privately. She led the way to the morning-parlor, and then leaned against the window-frame, affecting to look into the street; while he hemmed and cleared his throat, twisting Geralda's note in his agitated fingers.

"Ernestine, I have here a note from—Mrs. Halford."

"Have you, papa?" said Ernestine, discreetly.

"She was an old—acquaintance of mine, and, finding her so disgui—not recognizing her—of course—in short, I thought it was not a good example for Miss Chalcedon's governess to set *my daughter*."

The baronet extricated himself from the "tangled web" in which he was involving his words and himself, and his last words were spoken with his customary ease and assurance.

"It was odd, papa—"

"*What* was odd?" said Sir Francis, somewhat fiercely.

"That she should so disguise herself. I supposed her to be at least forty; and I don't believe she is more than twenty-five."

"She is twenty-two. At least I should suppose so."

"When did you use to know her, papa?"

"That is of no consequence—but—you used to call her *Gerald*," said the baronet, who began to fear that his daughter knew more than was apparent.

"Yes; she told me I might. It was so formal to be always saying *Mrs. Halford*."

"She is an artful woman," said the baronet. "She did not suppose there was any one here who would find her out; and consequently—consequently—"

"She was mistaken," said Ernestine. "I wonder that she never supposed from my name being Chalcedon, that I might be a relation of yours."

Sir Francis appeared not to have heard this remark.

"What we must do now," said he, "is to send for your Aunt Flora."

"Oh! dear!" said Ernestine, "I am sorry that Gerald had to go. Did she go herself, or did you send her away?"

"Well, she—she went herself," said the baronet.

At the same time that the baronet uttered this truth to his daughter, St. George was perusing a note without a signature, which contained these words:

"Last night you said to me four words which I shall never forget, and which will be a 'crown of rejoicing' to me in the 'Valley of Humiliation,' through which I must walk hereafter with Bunyan's Pilgrim, knowthat here, for me, there is no 'enduring city.' You said, 'I love you, my darling,' and I now say to *you*, *I love you, my darling*. Poor love! which having made its confession, must turn from the golden future of its fruition, and company only with bitter memories, of which the bitterest will be, '*It might have been!*'

"We shall never meet again on earth; but I am sure that I shall know you in Heaven. Until then, adieu. God bless you, oh! my love, my love."

Poor St. George! here was the most perfect and entire response to his profession of love; a love, which from its suddenness, intensity, and the strangeness of its object, somewhat resembled infatuation. And the dear one having said "I love you," coldly desired him to wait for the immaterial and distant joys of two souls who meet in Paradise. Was she really, as she had told him, old enough to be his aunt, and having told him that she loved him, and knowing such love to be a folly, did she wish to defer their meeting until immortal youth should be hers? But no woman who was not young, would have written that note, her expressions would have been less passionate, more conventional. She would not have said I love you, but I *think* I love you. And now, where is she gone? Why does she leave me at the very time when she should have stayed?

While thinking thus, St. George dressed himself to go out, with feverish haste, and drove rapidly to Berkley Square, turning down the street in which Miss Chalcedon had her town residence, although it was an unconscionably early hour in which to make a call, and sending up his card by a footman.

Ernestine received him in the most charming of morning-robes, and with the sweetest of smiles. "She cannot be gone," thought St. George, "for Miss Chalcedon was very fond of her, and would be looking very differently if she had." But she was gone, he found, when he inquired for her in an elaborately indifferent manner, and Ernestine gave him the information with a little toss of her head and a slight curl of her pretty upper lip; for, when she had discovered that the pseudo Mrs. Halford was but a few years older than herself, she recalled certain wonderments and queries on the part of her acquaintances as to St. George being "such a fool as to have allowed himself to be boxed up with the Dragon" that night at the theatre, and the remark of a brother of her dearest friend, that if the "old frump" had been a young and pretty woman, he should have had "decided suspicions." Then she remembered how St. George had sought her out at Lady ——'s ball, his earnest conversation, and after disappearance, to the great chagrin of several beauties who had anticipated having him for a partner. Perhaps he knew—or suspected.

"She has left you! Where has she gone?" inquired St. George, with an appearance of carelessness through which trembled a tone of evident anxiety.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Papa did not consider her a proper person."

"Not a proper person! Why, did he know—"

"Yes, he had known her a *great many years ago*, but it was something he could not tell me, and of course I did not ask."

A man crushes at once, and openly, but it takes a woman's hand to deal the small, envenomed stabs under which the victim sinks, bleeding inwardly. The baronet had told his daughter to say that a difficulty in the arrangement of money matters had caused her governante's departure. Had he known her to be jealous of Geralda he would have said nothing, conscious that his instructions would be unnecessary.

St. George terminated his call as soon as possible, and went home with a heart of lead in his bosom. The next day he called *again to make his adieux, he was going on* the Continent, when to return he could not tell. Ernestine bit her lip when his carriage had left the door. She felt that her cause had suffered.

In an unpronounceable village in Wales, which nestled among equally unpronounceable mountains, Geralda had found a refuge from the world of civilization, even from a chance of stumbling upon one of those indefatigable tourists who eat sandwiches in the Coliseum, and drink abundantly sour wine in the crater of Vesuvius.

Her mother, the daughter of a noble English house, her father an Italian exile, Geralda had been born among the mountains of Wales, where her mother, repudiated by her family for her low marriage, was trying the experiment of love in a cottage, but, dying at her daughter's birth, was soon followed by her husband in a consumption engendered by the fogs unknown to his own sunny land, leaving the child in the arms of her Welsh nurse, where she remained, tenderly cared for, until a benevolent English lady took them both to her own home. Here Geralda was highly educated, and treated like a daughter until the death of her patroness, when the heir-at-law cheated her out of her small inheritance, procuring her instead a situation as travelling-companion to a sick lady, who spent her time in wandering from one Continental city to another, and with whom she was when Francis Gervase wooed, won, and married her.

When she again found herself deprived of an abode, she recurred to her childish recollections of her Welsh home, and thinking she should be safe in that asylum, had hidden herself in the obscure village where she was born.

Six months spent in the pure mountain air, together with constant exercise, and the plain, healthful diet of those primitive regions, completely metamorphosed Geralda. Her clear fairness, and brilliant bloom, her profusion of blonde hair, her beautiful features and elegant shape were the wonder of the few invalids whose physicians' prescription had sent them to these mountains. Contrasting her with the large-boned, coarse-haired and swarthy villagers, they would say, "*You* are not a Welshwoman?" and she would reply with a charming mimicry of the villagers' dialect, "Hur was born in this village," and then would read aloud to some pale lady, or nervous old gentleman in the purest and best-accented English.

"You do not tell me the truth, my dear," said her pet invalid one day.

"At least, madam, I tell you no lies," said Geralda, in a tone which effectually prevented any farther exhibition of curiosity from the gentle old lady.

The few mails which reached this secluded spot were brought on horseback from a neighboring town, and it was Geralda's custom to watch for the postman's arrival and carry their letters and papers to her invalids as she denominated them.

One day, upon opening the package, among the letters from England, was one which was directed to Miss Geralda Mancetti, and postmarked London. The handwriting was unknown to her, the reception of any letter startled her, and that the address should be to her maiden name, which was only known to three people in England, alarmed her.

She opened it quickly, glancing at the signature, which was Ernestine, and then read it with burning cheeks, and eyes which were feverishly brilliant.

"DEAR GERALD,—Papa is very, very sick, and is going to die. He seems very anxious to see you, and as we chanced to hear where you are we decided to send for you. If you

come as soon as you receive this. it will not be too late. Very affectionately,
"ERNESTINE."

At the bottom of the page these few words were written with a trembling hand—

"As you hope to be forgiven, come, and forgive me before I die. GERVASE."

With Geralda, to determine and to act were one and the same thing. Sir Francis, by dying, would expiate his offences against herself. To let him leave the world unforgiven, though repentant, would be horrible, and, then, did she not owe some thanks to the man who was about to set her free from even the thraldom of recollection, for bonds owed to senseless clay slip lightly from the wearer.

It was with a strange sensation of being herself, and yet some one entirely different, that Geralda entered the well-known hall, and stood under the chastened light of the chandelier, waiting, until Ernestine should be apprised of her arrival.

She came down the stairs presently, rustling in a magnificent silk which trailed far behind her, and glittering with jewels. A strange costume, Geralda thought, for a sick room. She overwhelmed Geralda with caresses, and took her up stairs to her own dressing-room, where she herself removed her wrappings, and led her to the glowing fire in the grate.

"I should never have known you," said she, taking Geralda's hand between her jewelled fingers, and playing with it as of old. "What a color you have! You, who were always so pale, and then all that beautiful hair, which you used to hide under that horror of a cap!" and then she smiled upon her, feeling as if she would like to pinch her until she screamed for being so very beautiful.

Geralda looked earnestly at Ernestine, and thought that her manner and appearance were different from what she had before remarked. Her person was fuller, and had more dignity, and her manners had lost their girlish timidity, and were those of a woman of the world.

"I do not know what it is, Ernestine," said she; "but *you* are changed, though I cannot tell in what respect."

Ernestine laughed, not with her old giggle, but with fashionable polish and insincerity. "Perhaps it is because I am married."

"You married! and to whom?"

"Oh! to a man," said Ernestine, who had remarked that Geralda's color deepened, and thought that she perceived a shade of anxiety in her voice.

"And that man's name?"

"Who was it who used to come here so often?"

"Really—you had so many admirers."

"But only one who was *excessively* persevering," said Ernestine, searching her face with her bright, shallow eyes, which were so different from Geralda's deep, liquid ones, full of the poetical expression of her father's beautiful Italy.

"Oh! that was Sir Edric England."

"You are right," said Ernestine, with a mocking laugh. "Consequently I remarked his devotion, and became Lady England. I wonder you did not guess Mr. Althorpe," said Ernestine, when Geralda had offered her congratulations. "*He* was quite as devoted as Edric."

"I was very stupid not to do so."

"Do you remember that time, you—no, *we* got into the wrong box?"

"Perfectly."

"What wouldn't he have given to have known what was hidden by that black dress and widow's cap! Perhaps he *did* know."

"And perhaps he never gave a thought to it," said Geralda, who was suffering tortures, of which fact Ernestine would have been delighted to have been assured.

"How is Sir Francis?" said Geralda at last.

"Oh! papa is about the same. Isn't it odd that he should be so anxious to see you? I cannot understand it, for you knew him so short a time. Only one day, wasn't it?"

"On the contrary I had known him for a very long time."

"Had you? Oh! do tell me all about it?"

"I think that you already know," said Geralda, quietly.

Ernestine grew very red, and saying, "I will let papa know that you are here, and how desirous you are to see him," left the room.

In a few moments a footman appeared, and saying, "Sir Francis is ready to see you, Miss," preceded her down the corridor, and opening one of the doors bowed her in, closing it behind him.

The room was darkened, and she could indistinctly see Sir Francis sitting almost upright in the bed, supported by pillows. Ernestine standing behind a large chair which was placed at the head of his bed, and a clergyman and another gentleman seated at the foot.

The baronet feebly extended his hand as Geralda entered, and she went up to him and placed her cool palm in his, which was burning.

"Do you forgive me?" he asked in a suffocating voice, and she replied,

"Fully and freely, as *I* hope to be forgiven."

"Gentlemen," said Sir Francis, speaking in a firmer and fuller tone. "I have done this young girl a great wrong, of which she is wholly innocent, as she believed herself to be my lawful wife. I now desire to right that wrong, and by making her my wife enable myself to will my property to her, my estate being unentailed, and my daughter being already provided for as my uncle's heiress."

Geralda started, and the baronet motioned to her to come nearer.

"You told me that you loved," he said in a whisper. "I know you well enough to be assured that you would not feel yourself at liberty to marry him if you were not Lady Chalcedon;" then aloud, "Do you consent?"

"I do."

"The ring, Ernestine."

Ernestine put a plain gold ring in her father's hand, the clergyman arose, and opened his book, solemn words and more solemn responses, a prayer, a blessing, and Geralda arose from her knees, Lady Chalcedon. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A young lady advertised for a dressing maid. One applied, and in response to inquiry if she was quick, she replied: "Oh so quick that I will engage to dress you every day in half an hour." "In half an hour," reiterated the young lady; "and what shall I do the rest of the day?"

☞ It is a fine thing to ripen without shrivelling, to reach the calmness of age and yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth.

"I SAW THE PALE FACE WHICH HAD BEEN WITH ME IN MY DREAMS."

THE GUIDE'S STORY.

It was a festival-day at Lutzenhausen. All the little town had turned out in its gayest attire; the children decked with the brightest-colored ribbons and such flowers as the barren neighborhood provided; the matrons arrayed in handsome robes, which had been heirlooms in their families from generation to generation; the young men, their more sober garb relieved by a gaudy necktie, and even the old men adorned with more cheerful apparel than ordinary, Lutzenhausen afforded a pretty sight to the visitor on that day. The little town with its picturesque-fashioned houses, partly nestled under the shadows of the great mountains, *which rose out of sight into the clouds*, and partly, and as though timidly, stretching away from the projecting sides of the mountains towards the bright, green, healthy plain on which the whole population were now enjoying their holiday.

Upon such a scene of beauty and happiness there appeared a weary and anxious-looking young man. He was travelling to Aschaffenbach, and was desirous of a guide to conduct him over the Lutzenhorn. We did not see many visitors at Lutzenhausen; it lay out of the usual route of tourists, and its beauties were unknown, except by the few who set aside the popular guides, and struck out a line of travel for themselves; and accordingly we had no regular guides in our neighborhood. Indeed, I was the only young man who had ever undertaken such an office, and I was much chagrined when the stranger requested me, to whom he had been directed, to accompany him over the Horn. That festival-day had been fixed for my betrothal to Lisette, the beauty who eclipsed the many pretty maidens of our quiet abode. I answered that I could not go to-day, but would go to-morrow.

No, he replied, to-morrow would not do. His mother lay ill—dying, he believed, at Aschaffenbach, and he must make all haste to be in time at least to receive her blessing and to close her eyes.

Lisette was standing by as he spoke, and I saw the tears start into her eyes as she heard the young man's mournful words.

"Josef," she said to me, "our betrothal is to be performed immediately, and cannot take more than a few minutes. Couldn't you then go with this young man across the mountain? there is no danger, or I would not urge you to go, and you know you are so clever," she added, with a winning smile.

Her tears and her words only served to make me angry. Why should she plead the young man's cause, and send me away on the day of our betrothal? Had she taken a fancy to the youth's sad face? So I determined that nothing should induce me to go, and replied with considerable warmth, that I had no intention of leaving Lutzenhausen that day for all the women in Christendom.

The traveller did not seem to notice my ill-humor, but merely asked me to point out the safest and quickest route for him to take. This I did, but with ill grace enough.

Our betrothal was a melancholy affair. Lisette was low-spirited, and I had by no means recovered my temper, and besides this, I was irritated by the uneasy feeling which reproached me for my unkindness, my cruelty to the young stranger.

Two or three weeks had passed away, and with it much of the uneasiness which I felt on the stranger's behalf. At intervals, however, the sense of guilt stole over me. One morning when I was experiencing this depressing sensation, a party of ladies and gentlemen arrived, and wished me to become their escort over the Lutzenhorn, as far as Aschaffenbach. A strange, wild, and fearful thrill of pleasure shot through me at the prospect, and I eagerly agreed to go.

We started, and rapidly passing over the intervening plain, began the ascent. The party with which I went were in high spirits, they had never visited such beauties before, and the mountain scenery was quite a novelty to them. Often and often they paused in the ascent to take a survey of the landscape spread below—a gentle decline to the table-land we had left, but steep and rugged precipices on either hand, leading down to yawning chasms filled with blocks of ice, which sparkled in the sunshine. At length I was compelled to remonstrate at the frequent delays, and to point out that we had a long distance to travel before night-fall. After two or three hours' perseverance we reached the summit. Lutzenhausen was lost to view. We seemed to have risen above all that is earthly, for all around us there appeared nothing but snowy peaks and clouds, scarcely distinguishable from the mountains. There was nothing to interest the company in this strange massing of clouds and snow, so we speedily began to descend. After we had proceeded about half a mile, a bird flew across our path, and settled on a rock some hundred yards below our feet. From the uneven motion of the bird's flight, it was clear that it was wounded and exhausted. One of the young ladies of the company expressed her wish to have the poor thing. To reach the rock beneath us was an easy matter for one accustomed to the mountains as I was, and I quickly descended; but as I put out my hand to capture the fluttering creature, I uttered a sharp cry, for there, a few yards below my feet, I saw, half covered by the snow, the pale face which had been with me in my dreams and wakeful reveries since the festival-day. With an effort I controlled my agitation, for I remembered the party who were looking down upon me from the footpath. I signalled to them for one of them to come and help me. A young man joined me, and together we raised the frozen and bruised body; with difficulty we conveyed it to the footpath. The task, I think, would have been impossible, but I felt a supernatural strength within me.

We laid the young man's lifeless form upon one of the mules, and with saddened steps continued our progress.

The sun was just about setting when we reached the few cottages which formed the suburbs of Aschaffenbach. As we approached these I noticed a neatly-attired but sickly-faced old woman sitting before her door. She was watching the sunset.

The sun was resting on the summits of the snowy slopes which spread before her face, and looked like a golden shield on the arm of a warrior clad in silver mail. The old woman turned her head when she heard our approaching footsteps; with the quickness of her sex she perceived the motionless form we bore, and with the curiosity of her sex she was quickly at my side, pouring forth her inquiries. They suddenly ceased, a death-like paleness suffused itself over her countenance, she flung her arms aloft, and with a piercing shriek fell upon the dead body.

We disengaged her grasp, and carried her into the cottage, and, after her, we brought in the body of her son. Nothing could equal the kindness of the ladies of our party, and while they sought to restore the unhappy mother, the gentlemen removed the corpse to a room up-stairs. I ran into the town for a physician. After calling at house after house, I discovered a medical man and brought him to the cottage. For form's sake, he saw the body up-stairs. He judged, from my description of the place and the position in which I found him, that the young man must have been overtaken by the darkness, and have missed his footing and fell. A wound on his forehead showed that he had struck against some stone in his fall, probably the rock on which the bird rested. Under the advice of the physician, and the care of the young ladies, the poor mother soon recovered her consciousness, but only to show unmistakable symptoms of a dangerous illness. The doctor judged that there was but little hope for a woman at her age. His judgment was soon verified; within twenty-four hours the poor woman had ceased to breathe. The party I had escorted left it to me to see to the burial of the mother and son, and the gentleman who appeared to have the direction of the party, pressed me to accept money to defray the expenses. This I declined; I felt that I alone must bear all the cost.

I provided a decent funeral; I followed them to the grave; I stood by till the last shovelful of earth was laid on and patted down, and then I turned away. But where should I go? I felt the curse of Cain; I was a murderer—a double murderer. Should I deliver myself up to justice? I discussed the point. Undoubtedly, a guide refusing to escort a person over the mountains was punishable, and would be held responsible for all the misfortunes which followed his refusal. I might be acquitted, as I was not a regularly-authorized guide; but my moral guilt was the same.

While musing thus with myself, I had been unconsciously making my way through the town of Aschaffenbach, and on the road towards the Lutzenhorn. It was about midday, and the sun was brightly shining. Everything around looked joyous and innocent. It seemed to me as though all the world was happy and pure except myself.

As I pursued the path towards Lutzenhausen, with an indefinite idea of either surrendering myself as a criminal, or taking leave of my home for ever, I heard a cry as of some one lost among the hills. I stopped and listened. The cry was repeated. There could be no doubt that there was a traveller in my neighborhood who had gone astray. I shouted in answer to the cry. My hallo was returned. I rushed on in the direction of the shout, and at length perceived the head and shoulders of a man some yards from the beaten track. I quickly discovered that he had slipped into a pit, which had been covered with a thin coating of ice, and was now suspended at the mouth of a cavern of unknown depth. I made my way down to him, flung a rope towards him, and bade him bind it round his body. He vainly endeavored to do this with one hand. He could not use both hands without losing his support, and being precipitated into the yawning cavern. There was only one thing to be done; it was risking my own life, but it gave me exquisite pleasure to know that I was doing so. I approached him, treading softly on the creaking and slippery ice. My carefulness was not for my own safety; of that I was reckless. I leaned forward and seized him by the hands, and drew him from the hole. The ice burst and started under the strain, but remained firm till we raised our feet in the last step and placed them on the hard pathway; then it shivered, and went roaring in huge sheets into the valley below, and revealed numberless gaping pitfalls.

The stranger was loud in his protestations of gratitude, but I paid them little heed, and only replied that if he were going on to Lutzenhausen, he had better make haste and walk with me.

We pursued our course very rapidly, and we had just gained the highest point of the mountain, when my companion broke silence, and said—

"I think I have seen you before."

I replied that I didn't think it likely, as I seldom went from my own town.

"Yes," said he, "but, if I mistake not, I have seen you in your own town. You live at Lutzenhausen, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," said he, "didn't you refuse to conduct a young man over this Lutzenhorn some three weeks ago?"

I gave no answer, but I sat down on a stone just at hand. I felt giddy and sick. What business had this fellow, whose life I had saved, to bring my guilt to remembrance? Was he an officer of justice?

"What's the matter with you?" he said; "are you ill?"

"No, not ill," I said.

"You are the man I meant, are you not? I'm desperately warm with the pace we have been walking at," he continued, unrolling the muffler which half concealed his face.

As his face became revealed from under the folds of the muffler, I grew fascinated; but when his whole visage came into view, I thought I saw a ghost.

"The curse of Cain!" I screamed, "the curse of Cain! My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

He tried to pacify me, and at length I understood that it was no ghost that stood before me, but the same young man whom I refused to guide over the horn on the day of the festival. *He* was not killed by a fall and buried in the snow, but had safely reached his mother's cottage, had seen her peacefully expire, and was now returning home. Who the young man was whom we had found in the snow I could not tell, nor could my companion; indeed, I hardly cared to inquire; I only felt a deep, inexpressible gratitude to God for his goodness. I had suffered punishment, a well-deserved punishment, for my cruelty; but I had learnt a lesson which I have never forgotten. God grant I never may!

I remember nothing of our further journey. My companion chatted away, and I listened mechanically; my mind was reposing in grateful trust on my Maker's love.

I have little more to tell. I was soon married to my Lisette. Lutzenhausen has risen to greater importance since then. Visitors have learnt its beauties, and we have now a pretty little hotel, which is well stocked with company during the summer months. I have a share in the management of this hotel; but the chief management is in the hands of my sister's husband, whose life I risked, and whose life I saved. W. B. C.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

Sayings of Lord Wellington.

The following are some notes of remarks made by the Duke of Wellington, in conversation with the poet Rogers:—

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—I never saw Bonaparte, though he was once during the battle within a quarter of a mile of me.

I heard that he asked Soult, whom he had sent to Grouchy. Soult replied, "An officer." "One," said Bonaparte, "you should have sent four."

Two such armies, so well trained, so well officered, have rarely encountered. It was a battle of giants. De Lancy was killed at my side; a ball broke his horse's back, knocked him over, and he rebounded after his fall. I was very much grieved, but there is not much time for sorrow in the middle of a battle. He was taken to a barn. I saw him next day, and he seemed so much better that I said. "Why, De Lancy, you'll be like the man in Castle Rackrent, you will know what people say of you after your death." I never saw him more. I have since read Lady De Lancy's book, which is good.

Bonaparte was as clever a man as ever lived, but he wanted sense on many occasions. His best plan of action, I think, would have been to have waited for the allied armies to have collected. He could then have singled one out and defeated it. Such a stupendous body could never have remained assembled without confusion.

BLUCHER.—When Blucher joined after the battle of Waterloo, he came up and kissed me.

PRUSSIAN OFFICERS.—The Prussian general officers never exposed themselves as ours and the French did; no wonder the men didn't fight as well. The way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants, boys just from school, braved danger, exceeds belief.

THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN.—Gordon, who was afterwards killed at Waterloo, passed the night with some Frenchmen in a Spanish village. A Spanish child was in the room, and when they were asleep he made gestures to Gordon, drawing the edge of his hand across his throat. "Why do you make those motions to me?" "I know," the child replied, "you are an Englishman by your sword and spurs."

MARSHAL SOULT.—He was much affected by appearances. One time, at the battle of the Pyrenees, when preparing for action, an owl happened to hoot, and I remarked, "Soult will not come out to-day." Nor did he; he thought we had received reinforcements.

MARMONT.—Marmont spread his army too much at Salamanca, thinking we should go off. I made a sudden attack upon his centre with my whole force in front and rear, and defeated 40,000 men in forty minutes. But he was an excellent general officer.

MASSENA.—When Massena was in the field and opposed to me, I never slept comfortably.

CLOZELLE.—Clozelle was the best general employed against me. He gave me a great deal of trouble. I thought once I had him, but it pleased a young gentleman to go and dine in the valley a mile or two distant, and Clozelle's reconnoitring party fell in with him: whereupon the general took the alarm and was off. At Vittoria the French were expecting Clozelle; just at the time a Spanish innkeeper was brought to me by Alava. The man said, "Make yourself easy about Clozelle, I have him snug at my house, six leagues off. He is quietly lodged there for the night." So saying he left me to wait on him. I lost no time. I had intelligence both from priests and peasants, while the French could get none.

MARCHING THE TROOPS.—In Spain I never marched the soldiers more than twenty-five miles a day. They set off at five and six, and I was anxious they should take the ground by one. In India I once marched the troops seventy-two miles in a day, but in Europe our men cannot do so much. We accustom them to travel by canals or in smacks; in India they must walk. A soldier requires two pounds of food a day, animal or vegetable; the first is most convenient, as they move themselves.

THE DUKE'S HABITS.—In the Peninsula I undressed but seldom; in the first four years not once. I slept five or six hours usually, but sometimes only two or three. In India, it is not the custom to undress; I never did."

MARSHAL NEY.—I do not believe that when Ney left Paris he was resolved to go over to Napoleon: but it is impossible to answer for men in certain circumstances, or to say what they will or will not do. The Bourbons had made some alterations in the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and I was told, when Ney left Paris, he took the *old* decoration with him as well as the new.

BONAPARTE.—At Waterloo he had the finest army he ever possessed; full of enthusiasm. Everything up to the battle had turned out favorable to his wishes. He was at his acme at the Peace of Tilsit, and declined gradually afterwards. I always said Spain would be his ruin. A conqueror must go on like a cannon-ball; if it rebounds its course is soon over.

After his marriage, Metternich was sent to Paris to sound Napoleon and learn if he meant to be quiet and to repose on his character. Metternich's answer was, as he had told me, in three words, "He is unaltered."

☞ Love's labor lost—a hen setting on wooden eggs.

THE WHITE SQUAW

A Tale of Florida.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &C.

CHAPTER XLII.

Wacora came from the council chamber, where the warriors had assembled, and passed over to the house where dwelt his white captive.

This was no unusual thing for him when he deemed himself safe from her observation. Upon the day in question, however, he had resolved to see her.

The time had come when active measures were about to be taken by the United States Government in order to "suppress" (such was the term used) the Indians in Florida, and although none could know at that moment how difficult the undertaking would prove, all were alive to the fact that the work was about to commence in earnest.

Information of this had reached the young Seminole chief; and he saw the necessity of removing his tribe from their present residence.

Hence the council—hence, also, his visit to Alice Rody.

He had determined to lay the facts fully before her, in order that she might name the time of return to her own people.

Thus reflecting, he walked on towards the house tenanted by his captive.

On arriving at the place he found she was not there; but some children playing near told him she had gone into the woods, and pointed in the direction she had taken.

The young chief hesitated about following her. He was unwilling to thrust himself into her presence at a time she had, perhaps, devoted to self-communion and repose.

Turning in another direction, he wandered for some time purposelessly, taking no note of the locality, until he had reached the belt of woods which Alice had herself traversed on her road to the old ruin. Wacora, however, entered it at some distance farther off from the skirts of the town.

Once under the shadow of the trees he abated his pace, which, up to this time, had been rapid. Now walking with slow step, and abstracted air, he finally stopped and leant against a huge live-oak, his eyes wandering afar over the sylvan scene.

"Here," he soliloquised in thought, "here, away from men and their doings, alone is there peace! How my heart sickens at the thought that human ambitions and human vanities should so pervert man's highest mission—peace—turning the world into scenes of strife and bloodshed! I, an Indian savage, as white men call me, would gladly lay down this day and for ever the rifle and the knife; would willingly bury the war hatchet, and abandon this sanguinary contest!

"Could I do so with honor?" he asked, after a pause of reflection. "No! To the end I must now proceed. I see the end with a prophetic eye; but I must go on as I've begun, even if my tribe with all our people should be swept from the earth! Fool that I've been to covet the leadership of a forlorn hope!"

At the end of this soliloquy he stamped the ground with fury.

Petty dissensions had arisen among the people he deemed worthy of the highest form of liberty. By this his temper had been chafed—his hopes suddenly discouraged. He was but partaking of the enthusiast's fate, finding the real so unlike the ideal. It is the penalty usually paid by intelligence when it seeks to reform or better the condition of fallen humanity.

"And she," he continued, in his heart's bitterness, "she can only think of me as a vain savage; vain of the slight superiority education appears to give me over others of my race. I might as well aspire to make my home among the stars as in her bosom. She is just as distant, or as unlikely to be mine."

In the mood in which the Indian was at that moment, the whole universe seemed leagued against him.

Bitterly he lamented the fate that had given him grand inspirations, while denying him their enjoyment.

As he stood beneath the spreading branches of the live oak a double shadow seemed to have fallen upon him—that of his own thoughts, and the tree thickly festooned with its mosses. Both were of sombre hue.

He took no heed of the time, and might have stood nursing his bitter thoughts still longer, but for a sound that suddenly startled him from his reverie.

It was a shriek that came ringing through the trees as if of one in great distress.

The voice Wacora heard was a woman's.

Lover-like, he knew it to be that of Alice Rody in peril.

Without hesitating an instant he rushed along the path in the direction from which it appeared to come.

In that direction lay the stream.

His instinct warned him that the danger was from the water. He remembered the rain and storm just past. It would be followed by a freshet. Alice Rody might have been caught by it, and was in danger of drowning.

He made these reflections while rushing through the underwood, careless of the thorns that at every step penetrated his skin, covering his garments with blood.

His demeanor had become suddenly changed. The sombre shadow on his brow had given place to an air of the wildest excitement. His white captive, she who had made him a captive, was in some strange peril.

He listened as he ran. The swishing of the branches, as he broke through them, hindered him from hearing. No sound reached his ears; but he saw what caused him a strange surprise. It was the form of a man, who, like himself, was making his way through the thicket, only in a different direction. Instead of towards the creek the man was going from it, skulking off as if desirous to shun observation.

For all this Wacora recognized him. He saw it was Maracota.

The young chief did not stay to inquire what the warrior was doing there, or why he should be retreating from the stream. He did not even summon the latter to stop. His thoughts were all absorbed by the shriek he had heard, and the danger it denoted. He felt certain it had come from the creek, and if it was the cry of one in the water, there was no time to be lost.

And none was lost—not a moment—for in less than sixty seconds after hearing it he stood upon the bank of the stream.

As he had anticipated, it was swollen to a flood, its turbid waters carrying upon their whirling surface trunks and torn branches of trees, bunches of reeds and grass uprooted by the rush of the current.

He did not stand to gaze idly upon these. The bridge was above him. The cry had come from there. He saw that it was in ruins. All was explained!

But where was she who had given utterance to that fearful shriek?

He hurried along the edge of the stream, scanning its current from bank to bank, hastily examining every branch and bunch borne upon its bosom.

A disc of whitish color came before his eyes. There was something in the water, carried along rapidly. It was the drapery of a woman's dress, and a woman's form was within it!

The young chief stayed not for further scrutiny; but plunging into the flood, and swimming a few strokes, he threw his arms around it.

And he knew that in his arms he held Alice Rody! In a few seconds after her form lay dripping upon the bank, apparently lifeless!

CHAPTER XLIII.

Wacora had saved his white captive. She still lived!

The struggle between life and death had been long and doubtful, but life at length triumphed.

For days had she lingered upon the verge of existence, powerless to move from her couch; scarce able to speak. It was some time before she could shape words to thank her deliverer, though she knew who it was.

She had been told it was Wacora.

The young chief was unremitting in his attentions and showed great solicitude for her recovery. He found time amidst the warlike preparations constantly going on, to make frequent calls at her dwelling, and make anxious inquiry about her progress.

The nurses who attended upon her did not fail to note his anxiety.

Nelatu had been absent and did not return to the town until she was convalescent.

He was grieved to the heart on hearing what had happened.

Wacora, suspecting that Maracota was the guilty one, sought him in every direction, but the vengeful warrior was nowhere to be found.

He had fled from the presence of his indignant chief.

It was not until long after that his fate became known.

He had been captured in his flight by some of the settlers, and shot; thus dying by the hands of enemies he so hated!

Several weeks elapsed, and no active movement had, as yet, been made by the government troops. Wacora's tribe still continued to reside in their town undisturbed.

His captive continued to recover, and, along with her restored strength, came a change over the spirit of her existence. She seemed transformed into a different being.

The past had vanished like a dream. Only dimly did she remember her residence at Tampa Bay, her father, the conflict on the hill, the massacre, her brother's sad fate, all seemed to have faded from her memory, until they appeared as things that had never been, or of which she had no personal knowledge, but had only heard of them long, long ago.

It is true they still had a shadowy existence in her mind, but entirely disassociated with the events of her life since she had been a captive among the Indians. Nor was there much to regret in this impaired recollection, for both the events and personages had been among the miseries of her life.

Of her present she had a more pleasurable appreciation. She was living a new life, and thinking new thoughts.

Nelatu and Wacora both strove in a thousand kind ways to render her contented and happy.

They had no great luxuries to offer her, but such as they had were bestowed with true delicacy.

Strange to say, that in this common solicitude there was not a spark of jealousy between the two cousins.

Nelatu's nature was generosity itself; and self-sacrifice appeared to him as if it was his duty or his fate!

Still, while he basked in the sunshine of the young girl's beauty, he had not the courage to imagine to himself that she could ever belong to another. Not to him might her love be given, but surely not to another! He could not think of that.

True that at times he fancied he could perceive a look bestowed on Wacora such as she never vouchsafed to him—a tremor in her voice when speaking to his cousin, which had never betrayed itself in her discourse with himself.

But he might be mistaken. Might? He was certain of it. If she did not love him, at any rate he could not think that she loved Wacora.

Thus did the Indian youth beguile himself!

Innocent as a child he knew little of the heart of woman.

That look—that tremor of the voice—should have told him that she loved Wacora.

Yes; the end had come, and love had conquered.

The white maiden was in love with the young Indian chief!

* * * * *

Wacora and his captive—now more than ever his captive—were seated within the ruined fort near Sansuta's grave.

"You are pleased once more to be here?" he asked.

"I am. During my illness I promised myself if ever I recovered that my first visit should be to this spot."

"And yet it was in paying such a visit that you nearly lost your life."

"The life you saved."

"'Twas a happy chance. I cannot tell what led me to the forest on that occasion."

"What were you doing there?" she asked.

"Like the blind mortal that I am, I was blaming myself, and my fate, too, when I should have been blessing my fortune."

"For what?"

"For conducting me to the spot where I heard your cry."

"What fortune were you blaming?"

"That which made me unworthy."

"Unworthy of what?"

He did not immediately answer her, but the look he gave her caused her to turn her eyes to the ground.

"Do you really wish to know of what I think myself unworthy?"

She smiled as she replied, "If you betray no confidence in telling me."

"None; none but my own."

"Then, tell me if you like."

Was it the faint tremor in her voice that emboldened him to speak?

"Unworthy of *you!*" was his answer.

"Of me?" she said, her face averted from his.

"Of you, and you only. But why should I withhold further confidence? You have given me courage to speak; have I also your leave?"

She made no answer to the last question, but her look was eloquent of assent.

"I thought on that day," he continued, "that I was accursed by man and heaven—that I, an Indian savage, was not accounted worthy to indulge in thoughts of love that had sprung up within my heart, like a pure flower, only to be blighted by the prejudices of race; that all my adoration for the fair and excellent, must be kept down by the accident of birth; and that, whilst nurturing a holy passion, I must crush it out and stifle it for ever."

"But now?" Her voice was low and tremulous.

"Now—all rests upon one word. Upon that word depends my happiness or misery now and for ever."

"And what is it?"

"Do not ask it from me. It must come from your eyes—from your lips—from your heart!"

There was an eloquence that spoke the answer without a word being uttered.

It was the eloquence of love!

In another instant the lips of the white maiden touched those of her Indian lover.

From their rapturous embrace they were startled by a sound. It was a groan!

It came from the other side of Sansuta's grave, behind which there was a clump of bushes.

Wacora rushed towards the spot, while Alice kept her place transfixed to it by a terrible presentiment.

The young chief uttered an exclamation of horror, as he looked in among the bushes.

His cousin was lying beneath them, stretched out—dead! a dagger, which his right hand still clutched, sheathed in his heart!

With his last groan, and his heart's blood, the generous youth had yielded up his love with his life.

L'ENVOI.

The Seminole war continued for eight years.

Eight years of bloodshed and horror, in which the white man and the Indian struggled for supremacy.

The whites fought for conquest, the Indians to retain possession of their own.

On both sides were acts of cruelty—terrible episodes illustrating the *lex talionis*.

As in all such contests the pale faces were the victors, and the red men were in time subdued.

Such of the Seminoles as survived the war were allotted lands beyond the Mississippi; and far distant from their native home were commanded to be content and happy.

They had no alternative but to submit to their adverse fate, and in several detachments they were transported to their new homes.

In one of the migrating bands, who passed through New Orleans, bound west of the Mississippi river, was a young chief who attracted great notice by his commanding presence no less than by a companion seen constantly by his side—a white woman!

She was of great beauty, and those who saw her naturally made inquiry about her name, parentage, and station, as also the name of the young chief.

The Indians who were asked simply made answer that the chief was Wacora, and that she by his side was his wife, known among them as

"THE WHITE SQUAW."

The Swedenborgian Doctrine.

According to Swedenborg, there are three heavens, consisting of three orders of angels; the first distinguished for love, the second for wisdom, and the last for obedience. All angels have lived on earth; none were created such. They are men and women in every respect; they marry, and live in societies in cities and countries just as in the world, but in happiness and glory ineffable. All in whom love to God and man is the ruling principle, go to heaven at death. Between heaven and hell a perfect equilibrium is maintained. As there are three heavens, there are three hells, and every angelic society has an infernal antagonist. Hell, as a whole, is called the devil and satan; there is no individual bearing that name. All in whom self-love is the ruling motive, go to hell. There is no resurrection of the earthly body. Every one passes to his final lot at death; some make a short sojourn in an intermediate state, designated the world of spirits, where the good are cured of their superficial infirmities and intellectual mistakes, and the evil reject all their pretences to good.

Whooping Cough.

A writer in the Providence Journal says: "It has been stated that much relief has been found to the paroxysms of coughing by carrying children to gas works, and keeping them for hours exposed to the gases found there. But this is difficult and often impossible. In several instances recently, I have suggested the use of *carbonate of lime*, and in all cases it has apparently produced a marked effect in diminishing the frequency and severity of the paroxysms of coughing. Small quantities of the carbonate of lime are placed in saucers in the room where the child sleeps; merely sufficient to make the odor perceptible. The odor is like coal tar, and if not too strong, is not unpleasant. The carbonate of lime is about the same price as chloride of lime, and for all disinfecting purposes is far more valuable than the chloride of lime."

☞ The Queen of Spain wears five million dollars' worth of diamonds on state occasions.

☞ Old Roger was visiting a friend who had a remarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend. "What is papa?" said the parent, in order to draw out the precocious reply. "Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile. "I declare," said old Roger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgment."

☞ In a recent case in England a man was under trial for selling rotten fruit and maggoty melons. He defended himself by saying that the practice was universal, that bad fruit was selected by the confectioners to extract the flavoring. He said that all the fruit used by them was more or less maggoty, and that this did not at all detract from its value for manufacturing purposes.

☞ Goldsmith must have been thinking of the "Grecian bend" when he wrote: "When lovely woman stoops to folly."

Technicalities of the Turf.

There is a jargon of the turf quite incomprehensible to non-sporting readers, which it may be interesting to elucidate.

A hurdle race consists of riding round a mile course twice, making two miles, and jumping over eight hurdles. The hurdles consist of a range of fence rails, four feet high, stretched across the course at equal distances, and surmounted by brush, which makes the jump a foot or two higher, and yields to the horse's foot in case he should not clear it.

A handicap is where a judge is appointed to determine the weight a horse should carry in the race, which he settles according to the age or strength of the horse. If a rider is not sufficiently heavy, he wears additional underclothing, or thin plates of lead are slipped into the pockets of his saddle, until he reaches the required figure.

If the race is for $500, that sum is subscribed in equal amounts by the owners of the horses; $100 goes to the second horse, leaving but $400 for the winner.

"No entrance charge" signifies that nothing is to be paid for entering the horses on the list, which is often done in other races.

The letters "b. h." signify bay horse, "blk. m." black mare, "br. g." brown gelding, "b. c." bay colt, "ch. f." chestnut filly, "g. c." grey colt. Sorrel, cream-colored, and piebald are abbreviated respectively s., c. and p.

"Aged" means that a horse or mare is over seven years. At five they are considered grown, and are called by their names. Before then they are colts or fillies.

A steeple-chase is taken from an old English term, where a peil-mell race takes place for a church at a distance whose steeple is conspicuous. Hedges, fences, gates and ditches are to be cleared in this course, and small rivers to be swam. In such contests upon race courses, fences or hurdles are improvised, behind which latter, ditches varying from six to twelve feet in width are dug. These are not on the line of the course, as they would obstruct subsequent races, but are either outside or inside of it. Rough grounds outside of the direct line of the course are also chosen, and the road not being so distinct as the former, is liable to be lost. In this case a horse has to retrace his steps, and start from where he diverged. Horses in a steeple-chase usually go round the course three times, making three miles.

A sweepstake is where the purse is made up by the running horses and carried off by the winning horse. The following is a notice of this description of race: "A sweepstake of three year olds; two miles; $100 entrance; $50 forfeit; $400 added; usual penalty for winner." The figures mean that $100 is paid by each horse on entering the course; $50 forfeit in case he does not enter after giving notice to do so, and $400 added to the entrance money won by the winner, which is subscribed by all the horses. A penalty is paid by the winner in the shape of more entrance fee than any other horse, as may be agreed upon.

"Premium of $500, for all ages, with allowance to beaten horses," means that this sum, subscribed by the horses, will be given to the winner with lighter weights for those beaten during the previous races of the day than are awarded to the others.

A selling race is when the winning horse is sold immediately at auction. If he brings over a stated amount, the surplus money sometimes goes to the club.

Jockeys when regularly hired are paid at the rate of $500 to $1,500 a year, finding themselves. They often, also, receive a percentage on winnings, in case they are first in at a race. When hired for one race, their rates are according to reputation, and in case of success a percentage is also added.

Men and Their Work.

It is said that the disposition of the miller has every thing to do with the quality of his flour; and that as you grind by the sense of feeling, a man must be of an even, good temper—not nervous nor irritable, but steady and uniform—in order to keep the *feel* of the flour right, from hour to hour through the day and through the night. It is not every man that has the disposition required for a good miller. How near is the subtle connection between the spirit of a man and his work!

Conductors on railroads tell me it is not every man that can run every engine. A nervous engine would wear out a phlegmatic engineer, and a phlegmatic engine would wear out a nervous engineer. Take two engines which are built after the same pattern, and let one be built loose jointed, so as to run unsteadily, and the other close in the joints so as to run steadily, and each will require an engineer whose disposition is suited to its disposition—for machines have dispositions as well as men!—*Herald of Health.*

☞ "Walter, is this a Spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes, sir, nice Spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?" Customer realizes the sad fact; and after a half hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

☞ It is said that the Englishmen in Canada patriotically avoid placing green spectacles on their noses, lest it be construed into hoisting "the green above the red."

☞ One of the tenders of a bar near the City Hall says that of a hundred patrons of his establishment, seventy-five took plain whiskey, fifteen a mixed drink of which whiskey is the basis, and the remaining ten indulge in gin, brandy, and the various degrees and kinds of rum.

☞ Paniers are said to have revived, like crinoline, to conceal a physical change in Eugenie's form. This time, however, it is only a weakness of the spine which renders it necessary to preserve the curve of the back by artificial means. Doubtful.

☞ A man who made an exhibition of performing bears in the streets of Quebec was recently complained of and taken before the courts for endangering the lives of citizens. He took his animals into the court, and proved to the judge that they were not dangerous, as they happened to be boys disguised in bear skins.

☞ One of the sources of income to the Mexican Indians is the scalps they take. These are sent to France, boiled, carded, purified, and perfumed, and come to this market in the shape of curls and fancy chignons. Most of the Mexican scalps have jet black hair. In this great world nothing is lost.

☞ An excellent feeling is said to prevail at the west. Crops have been large, the croakers are few, and trade is showing unexampled activity. The effect upon business at the east will be very great.

820 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Are now finished and in operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect, before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of its road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, &c.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its way or local business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses was much more than sufficient to pay the interest on its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

Are Entirely Secure.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July at the Company's office in the city of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. The price is **102,** and at the present rate of gold, they pay a liberal income on their cost.

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The Company believe that their bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved.

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Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP for 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement, respecting the progress of the work, the resources of the country traversed by the road, the means for construction, and the value of the bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents. **JOHN J. CISCO,**
Treasurer, New York.

Sept. 14th, 1868.
sep26-2t

GENUINE

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oct2-2m

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 30 cents. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

When to Eat Fruit.

Chambers's Journal has a very interesting paper on Fruit, from which we make the following extract:—

"Fruit should be eaten alive, before the reaction begins to set in from its severance from the life-carrying stem. While a plum, for example, hangs upon its stalk, it is in some kind of magnetic correspondence with the powers of nature; it shares the life of the earth and the sky; it has sunshine in its veins, and dew in its cells. Cut it off, and in time it dies, corrupt, and unwholesome; and every moment in its progress from life to death is marked by a decadence of that essence which makes fruit delicious. Therefore, supposing that you pluck it ripe, the sooner that a plum is eaten the better for you. This of course applies most to tender, thin-skinned fruit. A firm apple dies slowly. A nut holds out long against the debasing influence of separation from its source of life. But plums, peaches, apricots, figs, and strawberries begin to suffer directly after they are gathered. This is the case with pines, which are susceptible of bruises, but they contain such an apparent surplusage of flavor, that the first stage of their decay are not perceived, except by a cunning palate.

"I think the morning is the best time for fruit, though I am not quite sure. The afternoon is good. But I don't recommend fruit with the dew on it. Let the fruit get its own breakfast before you eat it yourself. It breakfasts on early sunshine and dew. It takes these good things in, and smiles upon itself and the world just as you do a half hour after a pleasant breakfast. Eat it while it is in this humor, by no means in the raw and early morning; thus you have the young freshness and virgin flavor of the fruit. It has another character later in the day, when it is filled with sunshine; then I think it is sweeter. It does not express, perhaps, the same exquisite characteristic flavor, but its capacity for richness is then at its fullest stretch. Its pulp is not less juicy, though it is more general than special in its character; and moreover it impresses you with a sense of the contrast between the dry, weary air of the day and the reserve of freshness latent in the hanging plum."

Imaginative Literature.

The putting into the hands of the working man imaginative literature is even a more important advantage than the cheapening of scientific books. The tendency of mechanical employments is to exercise the understanding alone; they afford no diet for the fancy or the feelings. They leave unfed no small portion of the intellect. They do not enlarge the world of observation or experience. They do not open any of the doors of history or biography. The artisan, like the student, requires the hours of leisure to stand in contrast with his daily employment. A few will find recreation even in severer studies, and will resort to it by a natural instinct to consider the many who are used to be led rather than the few who can guide themselves. And, for the many, narrative, sometimes historical, but more frequently imaginative, holds out greater attractions than all the publications of the Useful Knowledge Society, or than all the excellent manuals of more recent date of mathematics, chemistry or natural history.

☞ An ill-natured woman at Saratoga says: "Some women dress to please each other; some to please men—or rather one man, for, as a general thing they despise the generality of men's opinions on millinery; but the most dressy women don't dress to please anybody—they dress to worry women."

☞ McGregor, of Mariposa, California, who threw his hat on the ground when Fremont was defeated for the Presidency, and swore he would never wear another till his favorite should be elected President, continues to keep his word. His hair is his only hat.

☞ Many English gentlemen living in the suburbs of London, disgusted with the extortions of the railway companies, have purchased velocipedes, and declare their independence of steam.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing; sales 10,000 bbls at $6.50@7,00 for superfine; $8@9 for extra; $9 @9,75 for new spring Wheat extra family; $9,50@ 10,25 for old spring Wheat family; $10@11 for Penna extra family; $10.50@12 for Ohio extra family, and $14,50@18,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat has been scarce. About 25,000 bus of red sold at $2,28@2,30 for prime; $2,20 @2,25 for fair to good; $2@2,10 for common, and $2,32@2,35 for Western and Delaware amber. White; 5000 bus sold at $2,35@2,50 ₱ bus; 1000 bus No 1 spring Wheat sold at $2,10@2,20 ₱ bus. Rye; 6000 bus sold at $1,06@1,55 for Western and Penna, and $1,25@1,40 for Southern. Corn; 50,000 bus sold at $1,28@1,30 for fair to prime yellow, and $1,26@ 1,28 for Western mixed. Oats, 45,000 bus sold at 74 @77c for Western and Penna, and 60@68c ₱ bus for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of mess Pork at $30@30,25. Mess Beef sells at $24 for city packed. Dried Beef sells at 21@22c. Bacon —Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@ 21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@18c, and Shoulders at 13½@14c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 18c, and Shoulders at 12½@13c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 20@20½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@34c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17½@18c. Eggs sell at 20@21c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. Sales of 700 bales at 25½@27c for Middling Uplands, and 27@28c for New Orleans.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3600 head. The prices realized from 8½@9½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₱ lb. 3300 Hogs sold at from $14,50 to 15,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

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aug15-3m

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sep12-2m

ANNOUNCEMENT.—WE WISH TO announce to the Farmers, Fruit growers, and all other friends of Rural Literature, that we have made arrangements to publish the NORTH WESTERN FARMER at Chicago, regularly, on the 1st of each month, on and after the 1st of October, 1868. The NORTH WESTERN FARMER has been published at Indianapolis for the past three years, during which time it has met with a most hearty welcome and liberal patronage, not only from the Farmers and Fruit-growers of Indiana, but of every State in the Union, and especially of the West and South. With a view to more fully meeting the wants of our readers in all parts of this great section, we shall publish an edition of our Magazine at Chicago, especially adapted to the Prairie States of the great North West, and another at Indianapolis, to meet the wants of Indiana and the States East and South. The wisdom of this arrangement will be seen at once, and we have no fears but the people will appreciate our efforts to serve them with a Magazine of really practical value.

The NORTH WESTERN FARMER is an Illustrated rural Magazine of 28 Royal Octavo Pages, and is not only the Largest Farm Journal in the West, but altogether the Finest and most Interesting Journal of its class in America, and by far the cheapest. Terms, $1.50 per year. In Clubs of Five $1.25, and in Clubs of Twenty, only $1. We also give the best terms to Agents ever offered by any publisher. Pianos, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Dictionaries, and a variety of other valuable articles are offered on easy terms for Clubs. Send 10 cents for sample copy, with full particulars, subscription papers, &c. Address NORTH WESTERN FARMER CO., 57 State St., Chicago, or Lock Box 122, Indianapolis, Ind.

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☞ AGENTS WANTED.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Literal Turn of Mind.

This same literal turn of mind is sometimes used unintentionally, and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wits instead of blunderers. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street, "Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," said the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin. There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady, with, "Boy, I want to go to Dover street." "Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go there, then?" One day, on Lake George, a party of gentlemen trolling among the beautiful islands of the lake, with rather bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and old straw hat dangling a line over the side of a boat. "Hello, boy!" said one of them, "what are you doing?" "Fishin'," came the answer. "Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?" Here the boy became indignant at so much questioning, and replied, "Fish, you fool; what do you 'spose?" "Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class. "I have," shouted a six-year old from the foot of the class. "Where?" asked the teacher. "On the elephant," said the boy, laughing. Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying, "I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied, "I think they are going to thunder." Also, as in the following dialogue: "Hello, there! how do you sell wood?" "By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now." And also, as when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by his officer, "Patrick O'Flynn, how long do you wear a shirt?" and replied promptly, "Twenty-eight inches, sir."

Essay on Peakoks.

Peakoks don't appear, upon cluss scrutiny, to be ov anny vital importance to themselves nor annybody else, just now. We read in the old books that the wife ov Jupiter quite often appeared upon the bulevard at mount Ida, with peakoks in double harness to a skeleton; this wuz undoubtedly so, but yu must rekolekt that peakoks, like everything else, hav grown weaker, if not wiser.

As a means ov diet, peakoks are not good—if they am, it iz a profound sekret, known only to a few. They are altogether too good looking to be worth much; buty has made them useless; it often works so, but buty iz worth more to a peakok than to enny body else; take the buty awl out ov them and what iz left wouldn't bring more than fifteen dollars.

The femail peakok haz a sad and lonesum demeanor; they look and ackt az though they had bin brought up and edukated just to admire their handsum husbands.

Thar is one unfortunate fackt that I have noticed among the animal and bird creashun, and that iz, the men awl outstyle the wimmin, and keep them under their thumbs. What a muss this would raize in the human family.

The grate buty ov the peakok himself iz in his postscript. This he kan lift up perpendikler, and spread like a flower-bed.

But when you kum right down to aktual arithmetik, one peakok in a township iz enuff capital for the whole populashun, and he ain't ov enny more account, pretty soon, than the cirkus bills on the butt end ov a barn the next day after the performance iz over.—*Josh Billings.*

A Martinet Silenced.

There was in Sheridan's army a Colonel D———, who had graduated at West Point—a very good officer, barring his inclination to make a grand display of himself and his knowledge upon all occasions. The General stood on the top of a hill overlooking the enemy's position one afternoon, when Colonel D———, then in command of a brigade, was sent for, to report to Sheridan in person. He came, and the following colloquy ensued, to the amusement of three or four staffs who stood near by:

"Colonel," said the little man, motioning with his hands to a patch of thick woods a mile in front and well to the right, "do you see those woods? Take your brigade and move over there. If there is anything there, find out what."

Here was a glorious chance for D——— to air his acquirements and he was filled with the idea of showing the General that he knew tactics as well as the best. With an elaborate salute with his sword, he asked—

"General, shall I first form brigade line of regimental columns by division, doubled on the centre? Or would it be better to move by parallel regimental columns by company, right in front, or—"

"To the d—l with your nonsense!" broke in Sheridan, squelching poor D——— with the snap of his eye. "Take your brigade over there in line, and save your tactics for the next drill."

The Colonel was never half so much of a martinet after that short interview with Sheridan.

Not to be Outdone.

One of the zealous Chaplains of the Army of the Potomac called on a colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received, and motioned to a seat on a chest, when the following dialogue ensued:

Chap.—Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army.

Col.—I believe so.

Chap.—Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?

Col.—(doubtfully)—Well, I don't know.

Chap.—A lively interest has been awakened in the —— Mass. (a revival regiment.) The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have already been baptized.

Col.—(excitedly)—Is that so! (To the attendant:) Sergeant Major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism. I'll be sworn if I'll be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment.

☞ Prentice says that man was the chief consideration at the creation. Woman was only a "side issue."

A BADLY USED YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

MAMMA.—"Why, Dick, what's the matter? Didn't you catch any fish?"
NURSE.—"Please, ma'am, he caught two minnows, and wants to swim them in his tea?"

Law Anecdote.

You have all heard of Counsellor Higgins, of the state of ———, who died many years ago. He was exceedingly adroit in defending a prisoner, and would sometimes laugh down an indictment for a small offence. A fellow (one Smith) being on trial for stealing a turkey, the counsellor attempted to give a humane turn to the affair. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this is really a very small affair; I wonder any one would bring such a complaint into court; if we are going on at this rate, we shall have business enough on our hands. Why, I recollect when I was in college, that nothing was more common than to go out foraging. We used to have many a good supper in this way. We did not get the poultry too often in the same place, and there was no harm done, no fault found." Notwithstanding this appeal, the jury convicted the prisoner.

After the court arose, one of the jury, a plain old farmer, meeting the counsellor, complimented him on his ingenuity. "And now, squire," said he, fixing rather a knowing look upon him, "I should like to ask you one question: which road do you take in going home, the upper or the lower?" "The lower," said the counsellor. "Well, then, it's no matter; I only wanted to observe that *if you were going my way I would just jog on before and lock up my hen-house.*"

The Bands of Orion.

"Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?"
—*Job.*

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or band of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative postion to each other, and to the rest of the constellation, from year to year, and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. When heart-sick and weary of the continual alterations we observe in this world, on whose most enduring objects and affections is written the melancholy doom, "Passing away," it is comforting to look up to that bright beacon in the heavens, that remains unmoved amid all the surges of time's great ocean. And yet in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance, there is a constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocity, they are whirling around invisible centres, and even passing into new collontions.—They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them, just as the foaming torrent that rushes down the hillside with the speed of an arrow, and in the wildest and most vagrant courses, filling the air with its ceaseless shouts, appears from an opposite hill, frozen by the distance into silence and rest, a mere motionless, changeless glacier on the mountain side.

About the Toad.

The toad, by some people considered innocuous, is, on the contrary, possessed of a venom strong enough to kill certain animals and to do harm to man. It is not, however, emitted from the mouth. It is a cutaneous secretion which will exercise a powerful action if it comes in contact with a spot where the skin has been rubbed off or otherwise injured. A dog will howl fearfully after he has bitten a toad; and upon examination, his chops and tongue will be found swollen and a viscous matter will flow from them. Smaller animals will in similar cases experience the symptoms of narcotization, which soon end in convulsions and death. The experiments of M. M. Gratiolet, Cloetz, and Vulpian had proved that the humor exuding from the parotid region of toads acts as a real poison when introduced into the tissues. A tortoise of the species *Testuno Mauritanica* having had his venom inoculated on one of the hind-paws, remained paralyzed for several months. The secretion is very abundant on the back of the toad; when treated with ether, it will dissolve, leaving a residue powerful enough even after complete desiccation to kill a small bird.

☞ Lord Palmerston, at the age of eighty, was once detected in a little bit of fun, of which octogenarians are not usually susceptible. The old peer parried the mortification of his discovery by exclaiming, "Well, well; boys *will* be boys."

☞ A "veteran student of human nature" says: "If one wants a flirt, take a brunette; if one wants a cook, take a blonde. If one wants a wife, take neither."

'TWAS BUT A MORNING GLORY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

'Twas but a Morning Glory,
On a dusty window-sill;
And yet its simple story
Some loving heart may thrill.
From damp and mouldy pavement
Uplifting tendrils sweet,
It clung, in soft enslavement,
Above the squalid street;
And crept, with sweet embracement,
When rosy morning smiled,
To bless the widow's casement—
To glad the widow's child.

'Twas but a Morning Glory,
To kiss their hearts by stealth,
And smile its silent story
Of far-off garden wealth;
And bring them gentle fancies
Of woods and fragrant spots—
Of daisies and of pansies,
And blue forget-me-nots;
Above the wide, wide city,
So dark with sin and strife,
To bless, with tender pity,
The widow's toiling life.

'Twas but a Morning Glory,
Grown up from soil obscure,
To smile its radiant story
Of memories fresh and pure;
And tell how natures holy
May rise o'er dust and grime,
And up, from by-ways lowly,
To light and sweetness climb.
'Tis but a simple story
Its patient bloom imparts—
But, oh! this Morning Glory
May whisper to our hearts.

About Diamonds.

To its hardness the diamond owes its name, which is derived from the Greek, *adamas;* Latin, *adamas*—signifying invincible consistence. This gem is the hardest of all known substances. Nothing will scratch it; and it is incapable of being cut except by itself. It is in the cutting that the diamond receives its brilliancy and play of lustre which at the present day augment its price. While the ancients were aware of the property of its powder or dust for cutting, engraving and polishing other stones, with the art of cutting the diamond they were unacquainted, contenting themselves with such as were polished naturally. It was not until the fifteenth century that the art of cutting and polishing the diamond was known in Europe, having been invented and first practised in 1456 by Louis de Berquen, a native of the city of Bruges, the capital of West Flanders.

Diamonds are variously colored. Those utterly colorless, however, which are of the description generally used in the arts, are, when pure, absolutely clear and pellucid as filtered or spring water. From colorless diamonds we obtain the phrases "*Water* of the diamonds" and "Diamonds of the first water." The water or snow-white diamond is most prized by the jeweller, and is popularly esteemed the choicest and most valuable of the gems—a superiority which is owing to its hardness, lustre and high refractive power. The rarest colored diamonds are blue, pink and dark brown; but yellow diamonds, when the color is uniform throughout, are very beautiful and much valued. Pale blue diamonds are also prized and rare, while deep blue are still rarer.

The most extraordinary diamond hitherto found is that owned by the Rajah of Mattan, in the island of Borneo, where it was discovered about a century ago. It is said to preserve the shape of an egg, with an indentation near the smaller end, and is of the finest water. Its weight is 367 carats, or 2 oz. 160 grains Troy. It is related that "many years ago the Governor of Batavia tried to purchase it, and offered in exchange one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, two large brigs of war, with their guns and ammunition, and other cannon, with powder and shot; but the rajah refused to part with a jewel to which the Malays attach miraculous powers, and which they imagine to be connected with the fate of his family."

Too Much for the Shine.—The Oswego Palladium tells the following: A Vermonter, one of the passengers on the steamer Ontario, Capt. Estes, was charged fifteen cents by a lad for giving his boots a shine. The Green Mountain boy refused to pay, and appealed to the captain, who told him that he believed fifteen cents was the usual price for such a service. "Wal," said the Vermonter, "I shan't pay it! Why, look here, captain, deown our way you kin git a whole box o' blackin' for ten cents."

LONG AGO.

One summer eve, long, long ago,
We two were walking hand in hand,
Where soft waves wandered to and fro,
Lapping the pearly, glittering sand.
Behind us lay green meadows, starred
With clover bloom, far down the lea;
Before us, flushed and emerald-barred,
The restless, panting, white-haired sea.

What wonder, when love's witchery came,
And touched with fire our glowing lips,
E'en as the ruby sunset's flame
Lit up the far-off gliding ships—
That we should clasp our golden dream,
And think it must forever last?
How could we know 'twas but a gleam
Of silvery pinions flitting past?

☞ Weak minds are apt to suppose that what is impossible to them must be equally impossible to others.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sweet Cider.

To all lovers of this excellent and really healthy beverage, I have a piece of useful information to give. Cider, if taken when first made, brought to a boiling heat, and canned, precisely as fruit is canned, will keep from year to year without any change of taste. Canned up in this way in the fall, it may be kept half a dozen years or longer, as good as when first made. It is better that the cider be settled and poured off from the dregs, and when brought to boiling heat the scum that gathers on the surface taken off; but the only precaution necessary to the preservation of the cider is the sealing of it up air-tight when boiling hot.

Last fall my wife canned several gallons of sweet cider in this way, and kept it perfectly pure and sweet until opened for use in the spring, so in making the above statement, "I speak what I do know."—*North West. Farmer.*

Items.

—A good crop of wheat no longer results in a large surplus and low prices. Among the reasons assigned are insect ravages, a greater variety of products, the growth of towns and cities, facilities of transportation, making a market for hay, vegetables, &c., decrease of production in old states, and an annual increase of population that requires an increase of production equal to five or six millions of bushels per year, &c.

—Mr. G. Sillar, of London, has discovered a process which will make the sewerage of towns invaluable as manure. His purifier consists of blood, clay and other ingredients. In an experiment at Tottenham, England, he purified 36,000 gallons of sewerage in twenty minutes, and the solid residuum was found to be worth twice the amount of money expended in the process.

—The average life of a mowing machine is five years; some will use a mower or reaper twenty years; but the average number of farmers buy a new machine once in five years.

—In three years a farmer on the Isle of Man raised seven bushels of barley from a *single grain.*

—Perfect queen bees are occasionally so small that it is difficult to distinguish them from workers.

—N. Wing, of Bridgeport, Ct., reports 30 pounds of wool taken from a three-year old buck; weight of carcass 100 pounds.

—The only fruit which grows in every climate is the strawberry. It is the only fruit which somewhere on the earth is picked every day the year round.

—Wool is so cheap and old sheep so plentiful on the River Plate, South America, that many sheep are being "tried out" for grease. As they can be bought at from twenty-five cents to a dollar per head, it makes a very good business at the present time, yielding something like 100 per cent. profit.

—Milch cows in the vicinity of Newport, Ky., are going blind. Not less than fifty of them have entirely lost their sight, and it is accounted for by the fact that during the warm weather they would stand in the water, and that the reflection of the sun on the water affected their sight to such an extent as to cause it to be ultimately lost.

To Catch Field Vermin.—A good trap for catching all small vermin of the farm is made as follows: Dig in the earth, in the orchards and gardens, at the beginning of cold weather, short trenches four feet wide at the bottom, and three feet wide at the top, and about four feet deep; the ends incline at the same angle as the sides. The earth walls of these trenches after becoming frozen, are impassible to mice that have fallen in. We have heard of great numbers being taken in these traps, and altogether they are the most effectual we know.

RECEIPTS.

How to Peel Peaches.—As the time for putting up peaches will soon be here, we have procured, from a lady friend the following recipe for pealing peaches, which we confidently recommend to our lady readers:

First get the peaches, then take a kettle of very strong lye, and heat to boiling, take a wire cage, similar to a corn popper—fill it with peaches and dip into the lye for a moment. Then into cold water. With a coarse towel wipe each peach, and the rind will peel off smoothly; then drop into fresh, cold water, and the operation is complete. You need have no fear of injuring the flavor of the peach.

To keep lemons moist for weeks in warm weather, cover with buttermilk or sour milk. I have lemons fresh and nice for lemonade, one year old, that I slice into a can and cover with plenty of white sugar. If one is sick in winter they are very nice.

Lamp chimneys often crack from being fastened on too tightly. The screw is applied while the chimney is cold, and often so tightly as to prevent the glass moving at all. Of course, when the chimneys are heated there is no room for them to expand, and consequently they must crack. Always see that the glass is secure, and at the same time moves easily in the holder.

To Wash Silk.—One pint of cold water, a great spoonful of honey, a great spoonful of soft soap, a wine glass of rum or alcohol; lay the silk one or two breadths at a time on a table, and wash both sides with a piece of flannel or sponge, then rinse it up and down in a tub of water, hang it out and let it drain until dry enough to iron; iron very wet. MARY F. S.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a carriage.
My 1, 2, 4, 7, is a verb.
My 1, 3, 5, 4, 7, we should shun.
My 1, 3, 2, 6, 7, is a bird.
My 1, 2, 6, is a utensil,
My 1, 3, 7, 2, 4, is a luxury.
My 3, 3, 4, is a member.
My 2, 3, 7, is a verb.
My 3, 2, 4, is an animal.
My 3, 2, 5, 6, is often a blessing.
My 4, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, is a soldier.
My whole is a weapon.
W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Metagram.

Four feet compose me, and when sore distrest
How sweet the solace to the care-worn breast.
Changing my first, I stand a potentate,
Whose word is mighty both in church and state.
Change second, third, a blooming maid I stand
On high Olympus, ever at command.
Right, cast my last, and then you see me twine
In clust'ring greenness a most useful vine.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

My 1st is in Eve, but not in Adam,
My 2nd is in miss, and also madam;
My 3rd is in sigh, but not in sob,
My 4th is in steal, but not in rob;
My 5th is in yellow, but not in green,
My whole is a name in the Riddler oft seen. EVA.
Brinkley's Station, O.

Algebraical Problem.

Three men, viz: A, B, and C, were comparing their respective ages together. Says A to B and C: If I would add *my* age to one-fourth the sum of both *your* ages I would be 107 years old. Says B to A and C: If I would add *my* age to one-fifth the sum of both *your* ages, I would also be 107 years old. Says C to A and B: If I would add *my* age to one-sixth the sum of both your ages, I would likewise be 107 years old. What was the respective age of each of the three men? HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Annuity Problem.

What is the sum of the present values of an infinite number of annuities of $200, to commence at the end of 1, 2, 3, &c., years respectively, and to continue forever, at 5 per cent? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The base of the great Pyramid of Egypt is a square whose side measures 746 feet and the altitude of the pyramid is 450 feet. Required—the volume of the pyramid.
W. W. W.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Where should all violent scolds be sent? Ans.—To Shrewsbury.

☞ Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators in the world? Ans.—Because they are continually crossing the line and running from pole to pole.

☞ What river is that which runs between two seas? Ans.—The Thames between Chelsea and Battersea.

☞ Why is a man doubling his money in business like Ireland? Ans.—Because his capital is Dublin (doubling.)

☞ Is there any railway to take you round the world? Ans.—There is the equinoctial line.

☞ Why are Dover cliffs like the letter D? Ans.—Because they are next the sea (C.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Prodigality hath a sister meanness, his fixed antagonist heart fellow, who often outliveth the short career of the brother she despiseth."

How to Do Up Shirt Bosoms.—We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following recipe for making gum arabic starch:

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the drugs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobinet.

Dried Potatoes.—We have had dried apples, and dried peaches, and dried fruits of various kinds, for a long time in the market. But we have never heard of drying potatoes until now.

A Mr. Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, has been experimenting on potatoes, sweet and common Irish, with reference to preserving them fresh and nice for an indefinite time. The potato has hitherto been good only for a limited time, a few months at the longest; and the sweet potato after a few days or weeks even loses some of its best qualities. Mr. Smith has succeeded in preserving the potato simply by drying it, so that a dish of the best quality can be had at any period of the year, as fresh and dry and sweet as though newly dug. So he say and so the editor of the Scientific Americ seems to think he has done. If he can troduce his plan of curing and drying sweet potato into the South, he thin will have furnished the planters wit than a compensation for the loss of t ton trade.

A convenient method of cleans bucket, tub or barrel, is to plac quantity of lime on the bottom slacking it with hot water in wh salt has been dissolved as it will will purify it like a charm should be covered to keep the

ng a jar, e a small and then ch as much take up. It The vessel steam in.